

THE
FEMALE WITS:
OR, THE
Triumvirate of Poets
At R E H E A R S A L.
A
C O M E D Y.

As it was Acted several Days successively with great Applause

AT THE
Theatre-Royal
In DRURY-LANE.
By Her MAJESTY'S Servants.

Written by Mr. W. M.

*Ita Astutim sibi Arrogat Hominem Ingenia
Ut Homines credas. Cic.*

LONDON, Printed for William Turner, at the Angel at Lincolns-Inn Back-Gate,
William Davis, at the Black Bull in Cornhil, Bernard Lintott, at the Middle-Tem-
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Price 1 s. 6 d.

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T H E

P R E F A C E.

THough the Success of this Play has been such, as to need no Apology for the Publication of it; it having been Acted six Days running without intermission; and being likely to have continued much longer, had the Company thought fit to oblige the Taste of the Town in General, rather than that of some particular Persons; yet the lateness of its appearance abroad, after its being Acted some Years since with great Applause, seems to require that the Reader should be satisfied why it should fall under his Censure at a time when the Town has almost lost the Remembrance of it. In order to this, I take it for necessary to Premise, that the Author of it, a Man of more Modesty than the Generality of our present Writers, tho' not of less Merit than the best of 'em, was neither fond of his own Performances, nor desirous others should fall in love with them. What he writ was for his own Diversion; and he could hardly be persuaded by the

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The P R E F A C E.

Quality to make it theirs, till his good Temper got the better of his Aversion to write himself among the List of the Poets; and he was prevail'd upon to put it into the Hands of the Gentlemen belonging to the Theatre in *Drury-Lane*, who did him the same Justice, as was done by him to Dramatick Poetry and the Stage. Among the rest, Mr. *Powel* and his Wife excell'd in the Characters they represented, as did Mrs. *Verbruggen*, who play'd the Chief Character, and whose Loss we must ever regret, as the Chief Actress in her Kind, who never had any one that exceeded her, or ever will have one that can come up to her, unless a Miracle intervenes for the support of the *English* Stage. It is written in imitation of the Rehearsal; and though we must not presume to say it comes up to the Character of the Duke of *Buckingham's* Works, yet it does not fall short of it, so much as many of our Modern Performances, that please more for the sake of their Patrons than the real Worth of those that Writ 'em. And to let those that shall give it their Perusal, into the Knowledge of the Female Wits, who are here hinted at, they are to understand; the Lady whose Play is rehears'd, personates one Mrs. *M---ly*, a Gentlewoman sufficiently known for a Correspondence with the Muses some time since, though she has of late discontinu'd it, (I presume for some more profitable

The P R E F A C E.

profitable Employ) and those that go under the Names of Mrs. *Welfed*, and *Calista*, are Mrs. P---x and Mrs. T---r, two Gentlewomen that have made no small struggle in the World to get into Print ; and who are now in such a State of Wedlock to Pen and Ink, that it will be very difficult for 'em to get out of it. Whether the Characters are just or no, that is left to the Reader's determination : But the Auditors thought the Pictures were true, or they would have condemn'd the Person that drew 'em, in less than six Days. What remains is, to justify the Publication of it, and to acquaint the World, that the Author being deceas'd, I got a Copy of it ; and out of my desire to divert the Publick, I thought it might not be unacceptable if it saw the Light. In short, if it pleases as much in the Reading, as it did in the Acting, the Reader cannot fail of his Satisfaction ; if not, the Taste of the Criticks is different from what it was some Years since : And so, a Fig for their Censures, which can neither affect him that Wrote this Play, nor him that Publishes it.

T H E

PROLOGUE.

WHile Sinners took upon 'em to reform,
And on the Stage laid the late dreadful Storm,
Occasionally coming from the Crimes
Of us, whose Drama's would instruct the Times.
We wonder'd Rebels who against the Crown,
Justly draw all these heavy Judgments down,
Should pass uncensur'd, unmolested stand,
And be a heavy Judgment to the Land.
But they, Heav'n's bless 'em for their daily care,
Have reconcil'd us now to Ale and Air :
For Wine we know not, while the luckless Hit,
Has taught us want of Laugh, and want of Wit.
But when the Observator's Wrath withdraws,
And wanting Law instructs us in the Laws ;
How happy are we made, who well agree,
To be laugh'd at by such a Fool as he.
Thanks to the Strumpets that would mask'd appear,
We now in their True Colours see 'em here :

False . . .

*False; I should say, for who e're saw before,
A Woman in True Colours and a Whore?*

*But it is not our Business to be rude
With Woman for the sake of Muffled Hood;
We lik'd em not with Masks or with their Paints,
Nor ever thought to baulk informing Saints.
They're welcome to us, when we're Peccant found,
Their Understanding's safe as well as sound.
All that we strive to please are Good and Just;
For Goodness ever we have ta'ne on Trust:
But when we to true Virtue would appear,
The Real Saints and not the False are here.
We're Regulary true to Royal Laws,
We admire th' Effect and we adore the Cause.
All that we're proud of is, that we have seen,
Our Reformation center in the Queen.*

T H E

T H E
EPILOGUE.

THE Sermon ended, 'tis the Preacher's way
For Blessings on the Auditors to pray,
And Supplicate what Doctrines have been said,
May thro' their Ears into their Hearts be laid.
So does our Poet in this sinful Age,
(Not that the Pulpit's likened to the Stage)
Fall to Petition after Application,
And beg that he may work a Reformation;
May turn the side of Follies now in Course,
And touch the guilty Scribe with due Remorse:
That every Fool his Errors may reclaim,
And take the Road of Pen and Ink to Fame.

What here he writes to quash the Womens Pride,
May to the Men with Justice be apply'd.
Each Sex is now so self-conceited grown,
None can digest a Treat that's not their own.
So Æsop's Monkey that his Off-spring brought,
It's own the fairest of the Rivals thought;

As

*As it preferr'd deformity of Face
To all the Beanties of the Bestial Race.*

*But Manners might have hinder'd him, you'll say,
From Ridiculing Women in his Play,
When his own Sex so very open lay.
Troth so he might, but as I said before,
Wits do themselves, as Beaux, themselves adore ;
Your Man of Dress, your Dressing Female Apes,
And doats upon their several Aires and Shapes :
Fearful that what upon the Sex is cast,
May on themselves stick scandalously fast.*

*Not that the Good he'd with the Bad abuse,
Or lessen the true value of a Muse ;
Since every Soul with Rapture must admire
The tuneful Motions of the skilful Lyre.
But as the Shade adds Beauty to the Light,
And helps to make it strike upon the Sight :
So those whom he has made his Present Theme,
Assist to make us Poetry esteem,
As we from what they are, distinctly see,
And learn, what other Poets ought to be.*

D R A-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

- Mr. *Awdwell*, A Gentleman of Sense
and Education, in Love with *Marsilia*, } Mr. Mills.
- Mr. *Praiseall*, A conceited, cowardly Cox-
comb; a Pretender likewise to *Marsilia's* } Mr. Cibber.
Affections,
- Fastin*, Son to Lord *Whimsical*, Husband
to *Isabella*, and in Love with his Fa- } Mr. Powell.
ther's Wife,
- Amorous*, Steward to Lord *Whimsical*, and
in Love with *Isabella*, } Mr. Pinkethman.
- Lord *Whistle*, An empty Piece of Noise,
that always shews himself at Rehearsals } Mr. Thomas.
and in publick Places,
- Lord *Whimsicall*, Husband to Lady *Loveall*, Mr. Verbruggen.

W O M E N.

- Marsilia*, A Poetess, that admires her own
Works, and a great Lover of Flattery, } Mrs. Verbruggen.
- Patience*, her Maid, } Mrs. Essex.
- Mrs. *Wellfed*, One that represents a fat Fe-
male Author, a good sociable well-na-
tur'd Companion, that will not suffer } Mrs. Powell.
Martyrdom rather than take off three
Bumpers in a Hand,
- Calista*, A Lady that pretends to the learn-
ed Languages, and assumes to her self } Mrs. Temple.
the Name of a Critick,
- Isabella*, Wife to *Fastin*, and in Love with } Mrs. Cross.
Amorous,
- Lady *Loveall*, Wife to Lord *Whimsical*,
and in Love with *Fastin*, } Mrs. Knight.
- Betty Useful*, A necessary Convenience of
Maid to Lady *Loveall*, } Mrs. Kent.

ACT I.

SCENE a Dressing-Room, Table and
Toylet Furnish'd, &c.

*Enter Marfilia in a Night-Gown, followed by
Patience.*

Mar. **W** Hy, thou thoughtless inconsiderable
Animal! Thou driv'ling dreaming
Lump! Is it not past Nine o' Clock?
Must not I be at the Rehearfal by
Ten, Brainless? And here's a Toy-
let scarce half furnish'd!

Pat. I am about it, Madam.

Mar. Yes, like a Snail! —

Mount, my aspiring Spirit! Mount! Hit yon azure Roof, and
juffle Gods!

[*Repeats.*

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Pat.

81

Pat. Madam, your things are ready.

Mar. Abominable ! Intollerable ! past enduring ! [*Stamps.*
Speak to me whilst I'm Repeating !

Interrupting Wretch ! What, a Thought more worth
Than worlds of thee ! ——— what a Thought have I lost ! —

Ay, ay, 'tis gone, 'tis gone beyond the Clouds. [*Cries.*

Whither now, Mischievous ? Do I use to Dress without At-
tendance ? So, finely prepar'd, Mrs. Negligence !

I never wear any Patches !

Pat. Madam.

Mar. I ask you if ever you saw me wear any Patches ?
Whose Cook maid wert thou prithee ? The Barbarous Noise of
thy Heels is enough to put the Melody of the Muses out of
ones Head. ——— Almond Milk for my Hands. ——— Sower !
By Heav'n this Monster designs to Poyson me.

Pat. Indeed, Madam, 'tis but just made ; I wou'd not offer
such an affront to those charming Hands for the World.

Mar. Commended by thee ! I shall grow sick of 'em. ———
Well, but *Patty*, are not you vain enough to hope from the
fragments of my Discourse you may pick up a Play ?

Come, be diligent, it might pass amongst a Crowd,

And do as well as some of its Predecessors.

Pat. Nothing but Flattery brings my Lady into a good hu-
mour. [*Aside.*

With your Ladyship's directions I might aim at something.

Mar. My Necklace.

Pat. Here's a Neck ! such a Shape ! such a Skin ! ——— [*Tying*
Oh ! if I were a Man, I should run Mad ! [*it on.*

Mar. Humph ! The Girl has more Sense than I imagin'd ;
She finds out those Perfections all the Beau-mond have admired. —
Well, *Patty*, after my Third day I'll give you this Gown and
Pettycoat.

Pat. Your Ladyship will make one of Velvet, I suppose.

Mar.

Mar. I guess I may; see who knocks.

[Goes out, and
returns.

Pat. Madam, 'tis *Mrs. Wellfed*.

Mar. That ill-bred, ill-shap'd Creature! Let her come up, she's foolish and open-hearted, I shall pick something out of her that may do her mischief, or serve me to Laugh at.

Pat. Madam, you invited her to the Rehearsal this Morning.

Mar. What if I did? she might have attended me at the Play-house.—Go, fetch her up.

Enter Mrs. Wellfed and Patty.

Mrs. Wellfed. Good morrow, Madam.

Mar. Your Servant, dear *Mrs. Wellfed*, I have been longing for you this Half-hour.

Mrs. Wellf. 'Tis near Ten.

Mar. Ay, my Impertinence is such a Trifle.—But, Madam, are we not to expect some more of your Works?

Mrs. Wellf. Yes; I am playing the Fool again.——
The story is——

Mar. Nay, for a Story, Madam, you must give me leave to say, there's none like mine: The turns are so surprizing, the Love so passionate, the Lines so strong, 'Gad I'm afraid there's not a Female Actress in *England* can reach 'em.

Mrs. Wellf. My Language!

Mar. Now you talk of Language, what do you think a Lord said to me t'other day? That he had heard I was a Traveller, and he believ'd my Voyage had been to the Poets Elyzium, for mortal Fires could never inspire such words! Was not this fine?

Mrs. Wellf. Extravagantly fine! But, as I was saying——

Mar. Mark but these two Lines.

Mrs. Wellf. Madam, I have heard 'em already; you know you repeated every word of your Play last Night.

Mar. I hope, *Mrs. Wellf.*, the Lines will bear the being heard twice and twice; else 'twould be bad for the Sparks who are never absent from the Play-house, and must hear 'em Seventeen or Eighteen Nights together.

Mrs. Wellf. How Madam! that's Three or Four more than the *Old Batchelour* held out.

Mar. Madam, I dare affirm there's not two such Lines in the Play you nam'd: Madam, I'm sorry I am forc'd to tell you, Interruption is the rudest thing in the World.

Mrs. Wellf. I am dumb. Pray proceed.

Mar. Pray observe.——

*My Scorching Raptures make a Boy of Jove;
That Ramping God shall learn of me to Love.*

My Scorching——

Mrs. Wellf. Won't the Ladies think some of those Expressions indecent?

Mar. Interrupting again, by Heav'n! —— Sure, Madam, I understand the Ladies better than you. To my knowledge they love words that have warmth, and fire, &c. in 'em.— Here, *Patty*, give me a Glas of *Sherry*; my Spirits are gone.—— No Manchet Sot! Ah! the Glas [*Brings a* not clean! She takes this opportunity, because *Glass.* she knows I never fret before Company, I! do I use to Drink a Thimble full at a time? —

Take that to wash your Face. [*Throws it in her Face.*

Pat. These are Poetical Ladies with a Pox to 'em. (*Aside.*

Mar. My Service to you Madam, I think you drink in a Morning.

Mrs. Wellf. Yes, else I had never come to this bigness, Madam, to the encreasing that inexhausted spring of Poetry; that

that it may swell, o'erflow, and bless the barren Land.

Mar. Incomparable, I protest !

Pat. Madam *Calista* to wait upon your Ladyship.

Mar. Do you know her Child ?

Mrs. Wellf. No.

Mar. Oh ! 'Tis the vainest, proudest, senseless Thing, she pretends to Grammar, writes in Mood and Figure ; does every thing methodically. — Poor Creature ! She shews me her Works first ; I always commend 'em, with a Design she shou'd. expose 'em, and the Town be so kind to laugh her out of her Follies.

Mr. Wellf. That's hard in a Friend.

Mar. But 'tis very usual. — Dunce ! Why do you let her stay so long ? [*Exit Pat. Re-enter with Calista.*

My best *Calista* ! The charming'st Nymph of all *Apollo's* Train, let me Embrace thee !

Mr. Wellf. So, I suppose my Reception was preceeded like this. [*Aside.*]

Mar. Pray know this Lady, she is a Sister of ours.

Calista. She's big enough to be the Mother of the Muses.

[*Aside.*

Madam, your Servant.

Mrs. Wellf. Madam, yours.

[*Salute.*

Mar. Now here's the Female Triumvirate ; methinks 'twou'd be but civil of the Men to lay down their Pens for one Year, and let us divert the Town ; but if we shou'd, they'd certainly be aham'd ever to take 'em up again.

Calif. From yours we expect Wonders.

Mar. Has any Celebrated Poet of the Age been lately to look over any of your Scenes, Madam ?

Calif. Yes, yes, one that you know, and who makes that his pretence for daily Visits.

Mar. But I had rather see one dear Player than all the Poets in the Kingdom.

Calif.

Calif. Good Gad! That you shou'd be in Love with an Old Man!

Mar. He is so with me; and you'll grant 'tis a harder Task to Re-kindle dying Coals, than set Tinder on a Blaze.

Mr. Wellf. I guels the Spark. But why then is your Play at this House?

Mar. I thought you had known 'thad been an *Opera*; and such an *Opera*! But I won't talk on't, 'till you see it. *Mrs. Wellfed*, is not your Lodgings often fill'd with the Cabals of Poets and Judges?

Mr. Wellf. Faith, Madam, I'll not tell a Lye for the matter; they never do me the Honour.

Mar. I thought so, when I ask'd her. [*Aside to Calista.*

Mr. Wellf. My Brats are forc'd to appear of my own raising.

Mar. Nay, *Mrs. Wellfed*, they don't come to others to assist, but admire.

Pat. Madam, *Mr. Aw'dwell*, and *Mr. Praiseall* are below.

Mar. Dear Ladies, step in with me, whilst I put on my Mantua: Bring 'em up, and then come to me. — What does that *Aw'dwell* here again to Day? Did not I do him the Honour to go abroad with him yesterday? Sure that's enough for his Trifle of a Scarf. Come Ladies.

That Ramping God shall learn of me to Love. [Exeunt.]

Enter Mr. Aw'dwell and Mr. Praiseall.

Mr. Aw'dw. So, *Mr. Praiseall*, you are come, I suppose, to pay your Tribute of Encomiums to the Fair Lady and her Works.

Mr. Praisf. The Lady sometimes does me the Honour to Communicate; my poor Abilities are at her Service, tho' I own my self weak.

Aw'dw. Then you are not fit for the Ladies Service, to my Knowledge. *Praisf.* Why,

Prais. Why, Sir ? I was long an *Oxonian*, 'till a good Estate, and the Practice of the Law, tempted me from my Studies.

Aw'dw. Sir, I'll tell you my Opinion of the University Students : They are commonly as dull as they are dirty, and their Conversation is as wretched as their Feeding ; yet every Man thinks his Parts unquestionable, if he has been at *Oxford*.——Now all the Observation I have made of *Oxford*, is, it's a good Place to improve Beggars, and to spoil Gentlemen ; to make young Master vain, and think no Body has Wit but himself.

Prais. While the Lady has more complaisant Sentiments, yours shan't disturb me, Sir, I assure you.

Aw'dw. What it bewitches me to *Marfilia* ! I know her a Coquet ; I know her vain and ungrateful ; yet, wise as *Almanzor*, knowing all this, I still love on ! [*Aside.*

Prais. I wish *Marfilia* wou'd come ! That fellow looks as if he had a Mind to quarrel. I hate the sight of a bent Brow in a Morning ; I am always unlucky the whole Day after.

Aw'dw. Oh, one thing more of your Darling *Oxford*. You know, if you get Learning, it robs Man of his noblest Part, Courage. This your mighty Bard, by Experience owns, the Learned are Cowards by Profession. Do you feel any of your Martial Heat returns ?

Prais. Ay, he will quarrel, I find.—— [*Aside.* Sir, I was never taught to practice Feats of Arms in a Lady's Anti-Chamber.

Aw'dw. The Fool's afraid : Yet shall I have the Pleasure to see *Marfilia* prefer this Fop to me before my Face.

[*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Marsilia, Calista, and Mrs. Wellfed.

Marf. I must beg your Learned Ladyship's Pardon. *Aristotle* never said such a Word, upon my Credit.——

Patty. What an Air these Pinners have? Pull 'em more behind.—— Oh my Stars, she has pull'd my Head-cloaths off!

Calist. I cannot but re-mind you, Madam, you are mistaken, for I read *Aristotle* in his own Language: The Translation may alter the Expression.

Aw'dw. Oh that I cou'd but Conjure up the Old Philosopher, to hear these Women pull him in pieces!

Mar. Nay, Madam, if you are resolv'd to have the last Word, I ha' done; for I am no lover of Words, upon my Credit.

Prais. I am glad to hear her say sh'as done, for I dare not interrupt her.—Madam, your Ladyship's most humble.——

Marf. Mr. Praiseall, Yours.

Prais. Charming *Calista*, I kiss those enchanting Fingers.

Marf. Humph! That might ha' been said to me more properly. [*Aside.*

Prais. Mrs. *Wellfed*, tho' last, not least.

Mrs. *Wellf.* That's right, Mr. *Praiseall*.

Prais. In Love, I meant, Mrs. *Wellfed*.

Mr. *Wellf.* Prethee, add *Good Tribonus*, don't steal by halves, Mr. *Praisewell*.

Prais. Lord, you are so quick!

Mar. Well, you are come to go with us to the Rehearsal.

Prais. 'Tis a pleasing Duty, Madam, to wait on your Ladyship: But then to hear the wondrous Product of your Brain, is such a Happiness, I only want some of *Marsilia's* Eloquence to express it.

Aw'dw. How

Aw'dw. How this Flattery transports her! Swells her
Pride almost to bursting.

[*Aside.*

Marf. I do avow, Mr. *Praiseall*, you are the most com-
plaisant Man of the Age.

Aw'dw. Are you yet at Leisure, Madam, to tell me how
you do?

Marf. You see my Engagements, and have chosen a very
busie Time to ask such an insignificant Question.

Aw'dw. What, it wants a Courtly Phrase?

Marf. Must I meet with nothing but Interruption? Mr.
Praiseall!

Prais. Madam?

Marf. I think I have not seen you these two Days.

Prais. So long I've liv'd in *Greenland*, seen no Sun, nor
felt no warmth.

Marf. Heav'ns! Mr. *Praiseall*, why don't you write?
Words like those ought to be preserv'd in Characters indeli-
ble, not lost in Air.

Aw'dw. 'Tis pity your Ladyship does not carry a Common-
place Book.

Marf. For your self 'twou'd be more useful.——

But, as I was going to tell you, Mr. *Praiseall*, since I saw
you, I have laid a Design to alter *Cateline's Conspiracy*.

Prais. An Undertaking fit for so great a Hand.

Marf. Nay, I intend to make use only of the first Speech.

Aw'dw. That will be an Alteration indeed!

Marf. Your Opinion was not ask'd.

Nor wou'd I meddle with that, but to let the World, that is so
partial to those old Fellows, see the difference of a modern
Genius.——You know that Speech, Mr. *Praiseall*, and
the Ladies too, I presume.

Calista. I know it so well, as to have turn'd it into *Latin*.

Prais. That was extraordinary. But let me tell you, Ma-
dam *Calista*, 'tis a harder Task to mend it in *English*.

C

Marf. True,

Marf. True, true, *Mr. Praiseall*; That all the Universe must own. ——— *Patty.* Give me another Glas of Sherry, that I may speak loud and clear. — *Mr. Praiseall,* my Service to you.

Praisf. I kiss your unequal'd Hand.

Mrs. Wellfed. This drinking is the best part of the Entertainment in my Opinion. [*Aside.*

Marf. Now, *Mr. Praiseall.*

Praisf. I am all Ear.

Marf. I woud you were ——— I was just beginning to speak.

Praisf. Mum, I ha' done a Fault.

Aw'dw. Sure this Scene will chace her from my Soul. [*Aside.*

Marf. Thy Head! Thy Head! Proud City! —

I'll say no more of his; I don't love to repeat other Peoples Works; — now my own. —

Thy solid Stones, and thy cemented Walls, this Arm shall scatter into Atoms; then on thy Ruins will I mount! Mount my aspiring Spirit mount! Hit yon Azure Roof, and justle Gods; — [*Ex. Patty.*

My Fan, my Fan, *Patty.* — [*All clap.*

Praisf. Ah! Poor *Ben*! Poor *Ben*! You know, Madam, there was a famous Poet pick'd many a Hole in his Coat in several Prefaces. — He found fault, but never mended the Matter. — Your Ladyship has lay'd his Honour in the Dust. — Poor *Ben*! 'Tis well thou art dead; this News had broke thy Heart.

Marf. Then in the *Conspiracy*, I make *Fulvia* a Woman of the nicest Honour; and such Scenes!

Mrs. Wellf. Madam, you forget the Rehearfal.

Marf. Oh Gods! That I could live in a Cave! Ecchoes woud repeat, but not interrupt me; Madam, if you are beholden to those Creatures, I am not; let 'em wait, let 'em wait, or live without me if they can.

[*Enter*

Enter Patty.

Pat. Madam, your Chair Men are come.

Marf. Let them wait, they are paid f. r't.

Pat. Not yet to my Knowledge, what ever they be after the third Day; there's a long Bill I'm sure.— [*Aside.*

Marf. How do you think to go Mrs. *Wellfed*? Shall *Pat.* call you another Chair?

Mrs. Wellf. I have no Inclination to break poor Mens Backs; I thank you, Madam, I'll go a Foot.

Calist. A Foot!

Mrs. Wellf. Ay, a Foot, 'tis not far, 'twill make me leaner. Your Servant Ladies. [*Exit.*

Marf. Your Servant.

Prais. A bouncing Dame! But she has done some things well enough.

Marf. Fye, Mr. *Praiseall*! That you shou'd wrong your Judgment thus! Don't do it, because you think her my Friend: I profess, I can't forbear saying, her Heroicks want Beautiful Uniformity as much as her Person; and her Comedies are as void of Jest as her Conversation.

Prais. I submit to your Ladyship.

An'dw. Madam, shall I crave leave to speak a few Words with you before you go?

Marf. I must gratify you, tho' 'tis to my Prejudice.—My Dear *Calista*, be pleas'd to take my Chair to the Play-House, and I'll follow you presently.

Calist. I will; but make haste.

Marf. Fear not; yours waits below, I suppose, Sir.

Prais. Yes Madam.

Marf. Pray take Care of the Lady 'till I come.

Prais. Most willingly.

[*Exit.*

Marf. What

Marf. What a ridiculous conceited thing it is ! —
A witty Woman conceited, looks like a handsome Woman
set out with Frippery:

Aw'dw Railing shou'd be my part : But, *Marsilia*, I'll give
it a genteeler Name, and call it complaining.

Marf. Pshaw ! You are always a complaining I think.
Don't put me out of Humour, now I am just going to the Re-
hearsal.

Aw'dw. Why are you so ungrateful ? Is it from your Lands
water'd by *Helicon*, or my honest dirty Acres, your mainte-
nance proceeds ? Yet I must stand like a Foot-boy, unregard-
ed, whilst a noisy Fool takes up your Eyes, your Ears, your
every Sense.

Marf. Now, Mr. *Aw'dwell*, I'll tell you a strange thing : The
difference between you and I, shall create a Peace.— As thus :
You have a mind to quarrel, I have not ; so that there must
be a Peace, or only War on your side : Then again, you have
a mind to stay here, I have a mind to go ; which will be a
Truce at least.— [*Is going.*

Aw'dw. Hold, Madam, do not teaze me thus ; tho' you
know my Follies and your Power, yet the ill-us'd Slave may
break his Chain.

Marf. What wou'd the Man have ? If you'll be good-
humour'd, and go to the Play-house, do ; if not, stay here.
Ask my Maid Questions, increase your Jealousie, be dogged
and be damn'd.

Aw'dw. Obliging ? If I shou'd go, I know my Fate ;
'twou'd be like standing on the Rack.

Marf. While my Play's Rehearsing ! That's an Affront I
shall never forgive whilst I breath.

Aw'dw. Tho' I thought not of your Play ?

Marf. That's worse.

Aw'dw. Your Carriage, your cruel Carriage, was the
thing

thing I meant. If there shou'd be a Man of Quality, as you call 'em, I must not dare to own I know you.

Mary. And well remembred. My Lord Duke promis'd he'd be there.— Oh Heav'ns ! I wou'd not stay another moment, No, not to finish a Speech in *Catiline*. What a Monster was I to forget it ! Oh Jehu ! My Lord Duke, and Sir Thomas ! *Pat.* another Chair, Sir Thomas and my Lord Duke both stay.— [*Exit running.*

Aw'div. Follow, follow. Fool, be gorg'd and glutt'd with Abuses, then throw up them and Love together.— [*Exit.*

SCENE the Play-House.

Enter Mr. Johnson, Mr. Pinkethman, Mrs. Lucas, and Miss Crofs.

Mrs. Crofs. **G**ood morrow Mrs. *Lucas* ; why what's the the Whim, that we must be all dress'd at Rehearsal, as if we play'd ?

Mrs. Lucas. 'Tis by the Desire of Madam *Maggot* the Poetess, I suppose.

Mrs. Crofs. She is a little whimsical, I think, indeed ; for this is the most incomprehensible Part I ever had in my Life ; and when I complain, all the Answer I get is, 'tis New, and 'tis odd ; and nothing but new things and odd things will do.— Where's Mr. *Powell*, that we may try a little before she comes.

Mr. Johnson. At the Tavern, Madam.

Mrs. Crofs. At the Tavern in a Morning ?

Mr. Johnson. Why, how long have you been a Member of this Congregation, pretty *Miss*, and not know honest *George* regards neither Times nor Seasons in Drinking ?

Enter

Enter Mrs. Wellfed.

Mrs. Crofs. O! Here comes *Mrs. Wellfed*. Your Servant Madam.

Mrs. Wellf. Your Servant Gentlemen and Ladies.

Mrs. Lucas. Sit down, *Mrs. Wellfed*, you are out of Breath.

Mrs. Wellf. Walking a Pace, and this ugly Cough—[*Coughs*.
Well the Lady's a coming, and a couple of Beaus; but I perceive you need not care who comes, you are all dress'd.

Mrs. Crofs. So it seems. I think they talk she expects a Duke.

Mrs. Wellf. Here's two of the Company.

Enter Mr. Praiseall and Calista.

Prais. Dear *Mrs. Crofs*, your Beauties Slave.

Mrs. Crofs. Upon Condition, 'tis then, if I have no Beauty, you are no Slave; and the matter is just as 'twas.

Prais. Sharp, Sharp.—Charming *Isabella*, let me kiss the Strap of your Shoe, or the Tongue of your Buckle.

Mrs. Crofs. Now have I such a mind to kick him i'th' Chops.— [*Aside.*

Oh fye, Sir, What d'ye mean?

Calista. So, now he's got among the Players, I may hang my self for a Spark.

Mr. Pink. Prithce *Johnson*, who is that?

Mr. Johns. He belongs to one of the Inns of Chancery.

Mr. Pink. A Lawyer?

Mr. Johns. I can't say that of the Man neither, tho' he sweats hard in Term-time, and always is as much at *Westminster*, as he that has most to do.

Mr. Pink.

Mr. *Pink*. Does he practice ?

Mr. *Johns*. Walking there, much.

Mr. *Pink*. But I mean, the Laws ?

Mr. *Johns*. How to avoid its Penalty only. The Men are quite tir'd with him, so you shall generally see him dagling after the Women. He makes a shift to saunter away his Hours till the Play begins ; after you shall be sure to behold his ill-favour'd Phyz, peeping out behind the Scenes, at both Houses.

Mr. *Pink*. What, at one time ?

Mr. *Johns*. No, Faith, 'tis his moving from one House to 'tother takes up his time, which is the Commodity sticks of his Hands, for he has neither Sense nor Patience to hear a Play out.

Mr. *Pink*. I have enough of him, I thank you Sir.

Calista. How d'ye Madam ?

[To Mrs. Wellf.]

Mrs. *Wellf*. At your Service, Madam.

Calista. *Marfilia* committed me to the Care of Mr. *Praise-all*; but more powerful Charms have robb'd me of my Gal-lant.

Mrs. *Wellf*. I thank Heav'n, I'm big enough to take care of my self. Indeed to neglect a young pretty Lady, expose her unmask'd amongst a Company of wild Players, is very dangerous.

Calist. Unmask'd ! Humph ! I'll be ev'n with you for that.

[Aside.]

Madam, I have read all your excellent Works, and I dare say, by the regular Correction, you are a Latinist, tho' *Marfilia* laught at it.

Mrs. *Wellf*. *Marfilia* shews her Folly, in laughing at what she don't understand. Faith, Madam, I must own my ignorance, I can go no further than the eight Parts of Speech.

Calist. Then I cannot but take the Freedom to say, you, or whoever writes, imposes upon the Town.

Mrs. *Wellf*.

Mrs. Wellf. 'Tis no imposition, Madam, when ev'ry Body's inclination's free to like, or dislike a thing.

Calist. Your Pardon, Madam.

Prais. How's this ? Whilst I am making Love, I shall have my two Heroines wage War. Ladies, what's your Dispute ?

Mrs. Wellf. Not worth appealing to a Judge, in my Opinion.

Calista. I'll maintain it with my Life, Learning is absolutely necessary to all who pretend to Poetry.

Mrs. Wellf. We'll adjourn the Argument, *Marfilia* shall hear the Cause.

Prais. Ay, if you can perswade her to hold her Tongue so long.

Mrs. Wellf. I wish I cou'd engage you two in a *Latin* Dispute, Mr. *Praiseall*, and you shou'd tell how often the Lady breaks *Pris—Pris*—What's his Name ? His Head, you know.

Prais. *Priscian*, you mean ; Hush ! Hush !

Mrs. Wellf. He cares not for entring the Lists neither. Come, Mr. *Praiseall*, I'll put you upon a more pleasing Task. Try to prevail with that Fair Lady to give us her New Dialogue.

Prais. What, my Angel ?

Mrs. Wellf. Mrs. *Cross*, I mean.

Prais. There is no other She, Madam.

Mrs. Cross. Sir !

Prais. Will you be so good, to charm our Ears, and feast our Eyes ; let us see and hear you in Perfection.

Mrs. Cross. This Complement is a Note above *Ela*. If *Marfilia* shou'd catch me anticipating her Song, she'd chide sadly.

Mrs. Wellf. Oh, we'll watch. I'll call Mr. *Leveridge*.

SONG by Mrs. Cross.—A Dialogue.

Prais. Thank you Ten thousand times, my Dear.

Calista. I'm almost weary of this illiterate Company.

Mrs. Wellf. Now, Mr. *Praiseall*, get but Mrs. *Lucas's* New Dance, by that time sure the Lady will come.

Prais. I'll warrant ye my little *Lucas*.

S I N G S.

*With a Trip and a Gim,
And a Whey and a Jerk
at Parting.*

Where art thou, my little Girl ?

Little Boy. She is but drinking a Dish of Coffee, and will come presently.

Prais. Pshaw ! Coffee ! What does she drink Coffee for ? She's lean enough without drinking Coffee.

Mr. Pink. Ay, but 'tis good to dry up Humours.

Prais. That's well, I Faith ! Players dry up their Humours ! Why what are they good for then ? Let her exert her Humours in Dancing, that will do her most good, and become her best.—Oh, here she comes ! — You little Rogue, what do you drink Coffee for ?

Mrs. Lucas. For the same Reason you drink Claret ; because I love it.

Prais. Ha, Pert ! Come, your last Dance, I will not be deny'd.

D

Lucas. I

Lucas. I don't intend you shall ; I love to Dance, as well as you do to see me.

Prais. Say'st thou so ? Come on then ; and when thou hast done, I'll treat you all in the Green Room with Chocolate ; Chocolate, Huzzy ; that's better by half than Coffee. *All* agreed.

A Dance by Mrs. Lucas.

Prais. Titely done, I Faith, little Girl.

Enter Mrs. Knight.

Mrs. Cross. Good morrow Mrs. *Knight*. Pray, dear Mrs. *Knight*, tell me your Opinion of this Play ; you read much, and are a Judge.

Mrs. Knight. Oh your Servant, Madam ! Why truly, my Understanding is so very small, I can't find the Ladies meaning out.

Mrs. Cross. Why, the Masters admire it:

Mrs. Knight. So much the worse. What they censure, most times prospers ; and commonly, what they admire, miscarries : Pshaw ! They know nothing. They have Power, and are positive ; but have no more a right Notion of things, Mrs. *Cross*, than you can have of the Pleasures of Wedlock, that are unmarried.

Mrs. Cross. I submit to better Judgment in that, Madam. I am sure the Authoress is very proud and impertinent, as indeed most Authors are. — She's a Favourite, and has put 'em to a world of Expence in Cloaths. A Play well-dress'd, you know, is half in half, as a great Writer says ; The *Morocco* Dresses, when new formerly for *Sebastian*, they say

say enliven'd the Play as much as the Pudding and Dump-
ling Song did *Merlin*.

Mrs. Knight. This Play must be dress'd if there's any Cre-
dit remains, tho' they are so cursedly in debt already.

Mrs. Cross. It wants it, Madam, it wants it.

Mr. Wellf. Well, Ladies, after this Play's over, I hope
you'll think of mine, I have two excellent Parts for ye.

But, We are at your Service.

Mrs. Wellf. *Mr. Pinkethman* ! *Mr. Pinkethman* ! What, d'ye
run away from a Body ?

Mr. Pink. Who I ? I beg your Pardon, Madam.

Mrs. Wellf. Well, *Mr. Pinkethman*, you shall see what I
have done for you in my next.

Mr. Pink. Thank ye, Madam, I'll do my best for you too.

Mrs. Wellf. *Mr. Johnson* !

Mr. Pink. So, now she's going her Rounds.

Mr. Wellf. *Mr. Johnson* ! — Duce on him, he's gone !
Well, I shall see him by and by.

Enter Mr. Praiseall.

Praisf. Ladies, the Chocolate is ready, and longs to be con-
ducted by your white Hands to your Rosie Lips !

Mrs. Wellf. Rarely express'd ! Come, Ladies.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manent Mrs. Knight and Mrs. Wellfed.

Mrs. Knight. I believe our People wou'd dance after any
Tom-Dingle for a pen'orth of Sugar-plums.

Mrs. Wellf. Come *Mrs. Knight*, let you and I have a Bottle
of Sherry.

Mrs. *Knight*. No, I thank you, I never drink Wine in a Morning.

Mrs. *Wellf*. Then you'll never write Plays, I promise you.

Mrs. *Knight*. I don't desire it.

Mrs. *Wellf*. If you please, Madam, to pass the time away, I'll repeat one of my best Scenes.

Mrs. *Knight*. Oh Heav'ns! No Rest! ——— [*Aside*. Madam, I doubt the Company will take it amiss. I am your very humble Servant. [*Exit hastily*.

Mrs. *Wellf*. What! Fled so hastily! I find Poets had need be a little conceited, for they meet with many a Bauk. However, scribbling brings this Satisfaction, that like our Children, we are generally pleas'd with it our selves.

*So the fond Mother's rapt with her prating Boys,
Whilst the free Stranger flies th' ungrateful Noise.*

[*Exit*.

The End of the First A C T.

ACT II.

ACT II.

Enter Calista and Mrs. Wellfed.

Calista. I Think *Marsillia* is very tedious.

Mrs. Wellf. I think so too. 'Tis well 'tis *Marsillia*, else the Players wou'd never have Patience.

Calif. Why, do they love her?

Mrs. Wellf. No, but they fear her, that's all one. —
Oh! yonder's Mr. *Powell*, I want to speak with him.

Calif. So do I.

Enter Mr. Powell.

Mr. Wellf. Your Servant Mr. *Powell*.

Calif. Sir, I am your humble Servant.

Mr. Powell. Ounds! What am I fell into the Hands of two Female Poets? There's nothing under the Sun, but two Bailiffs, I'd have gone so far to have avoided.

Calif. I believe, Mr. *Powell*, I shall trouble you quickly.

Mr. Pow. When you please Madam.

Calif. Pray, Mr. *Powell*, don't speak so carelessly: I hope you will find the Characters to your Satisfaction; I make you equally in Love with two very fine Ladies.

Mr. Pow. Oh, never stint me Madam, let it be two Douzen, I beseech you.

Calif. The I thought's new I am sure.

Mr. Pow. The Practice is old, I am sure.

Mrs. Wellf. Now, Mr. *Powell*, hear mine: I make two very fine Ladies in Love with you, is not that better? Ha!

Calif. Why,

Calif. Why, so are my Ladies.

Mrs. VVellf. But, my Ladies. ———

Calif. Nay, if you go to that, Madam, I defie any Ladies, in the Pale, or out of the Pale, to love beyond my Ladies.

Mrs. VVellf. I'll stand up for the Violence of my Passion, whilst I have a bit of Flesh left on my Back, Mr. *Powell*!

Calif. Lord! Madam, you won't give one leave to speak.

Mr. Pow. O Gad! I am Deaf, I am Deaf, or else wou'd I were.

Mrs. VVellf. Well, Mr. *Powell*, when shall mine be done?

Calif. Sure I have Mr. *Powell's* Promise.

Mrs. VVellf. That I am glad on, then I believe mine will come first.

Calif. D'ye hear that, Mr. *Powel*! Come pray Name a Time.

Mrs. VVellf. Then I'll have time set too.

Mr. Pow. O Heav'ns! Let me go! Yours shall be done to day, and yours to morrow; farewell for a Couple of Teazers! Oh the Devil!

[*Flinging from 'em.*]

Marfillia Entering, meets him.

Marf. What in a Heat, and a Passion, and all that, Mr. *Powell*? Lord! I'll tell you, Mr. *Powell*, I have been in a Heat, and Fret, and all that, Mr. *Powell*! I met two or three idle People of Quality, who thinking I had no more to do than themselves, stop'd my Chair, and teaz'd me with a Thousand foolish Questions.

Mr. Pow. Ay, Madam, I ha' been plagu'd with Questions too.

Marf. There's nothing gives me greater Fatigue than any one that talks much; Oh! 'Tis the superlative Plague of the Universe. Ump! This foolish Patch won't stick: Oh Lord! Don't go Mr. *Powell*, I have a World of things to say to you.

[*Patching at her Glafs.*]

Mr. Pow. The more's my Sorrow.

Enter

Enter Mr. Praisecall and Mrs. Knight.

Mar. How do you like my Play, *Mr. Powell*?

Mr. Pow. Extraordinary, Madam, 'tis like your Ladyship, at Miracle.

Calis. How civilly he treats her.

Mrs. VVellf. He treats her with what ought to be dispis'd, Flattery.

Marf. What was that you said? Some fine thing I dare swear? Well, I beg your Pardon a Thousand times: My Head was got to *Cataline*: Oh, *Mr. Powell*, you shall be *Cataline*, not *Ben Johnson's Fool*, but my *Cataline*, *Mr. Powell*.

Mr. Pow. I'd be a Dog to serve your Ladyship, as a Learned Author has it.

Mar. Oh my Jehu! What, no Body come?

Mrs. Knight. No Body, Madam! Why here's all the Players.

Mar. Granted, *Mrs. Knight*, and I have great Value for all the Players, and your self in particular; but give me leave to say, *Mrs. Knight*, when I appear, I expect all that have any Concerns in the Play-house, shou'd give their Attendance, Knights, Squires, or however dignified, or distinguished.

Mrs. Knight. I beg your Pardon, Madam, if we poor Folks, without Titles, cou'd have serv'd you, we are ready.

Mar. *Mr. Powell*! *Mr. Powell*! Pray stay by my Elbow. Lord! I don't use to ask a Man twice to stand by me.

Mr. Pow. Madam, I am here.

Mr. Praif. Ha! A rising Favourite, that may Eclipse my Glory; Madam, I have been taking true Pains to keep your Princes and Princesses together here.

Mar. Pray

Mar. Pray don't interrupt me, *Mr. Praiseall*, at this time. *Mr. Powell*, I suppose you observe, throughout my Play, I make the Heroes, and Heroines in Love with those they shou'd not be.

Mr. Pow. Yes, Madam.

Mar. For look ye, if every Woman had lov'd her own Husband, there had been no Business for a Play.

Mr. Pow. But, Madam, won't the Critticks say, the Guilt of their Passion takes off the Pity?

Mar. Oh, *Mr. Powell*, trouble not your self about the Criticks, I am provided for them; my Prologue cools their Courage I warrant 'em; han't you heard the Humour?

Mr. Pow. No, Madam.

Mar. I have two of your stoutest Men enter with long Truncheons.

Mr. Pow. Truncheons! Why Truncheons?

Mar. Because a Truncheon's like a Quarter-staff, has a mischievous Look with it; and a Critick is cursedly afraid of any thing that looks terrible.

Mr. Prais. Why, Madam, there are abundance of Criticks, and witty Men that are Soldiers.

Mar. Not one upon my Word, they are more Gentlemen, than to pretend to either; a Witty Man and a Soldier; you may as well say a modest Man, and a Courtier; Wit is always in the Civil Power, take my Word for it; Courage, and Honesty work hard for their Bread; Wit and Flattery feeds on Fools; and if they are counted Wise, who keep out of Harm's way, there's scarce a Fool now in the Kingdom.

Mr. Prais. Why, Madam, I have always took care to keep my self out of Harms Way; not that it is my Pretence to Wit, for I dare look Thunder in the Face; and if you think no Wit has Courage, what made you send for me?

Mr. Pow. Here's good Sport towards.

Mar. Be-

Mar. Because I have Occasion for nothing but Wit : I sent for you to vouch for mine, and not fight for your own.
Mr. Powell, let us mind our Cause.

Mr. Prais. Damme, I dare fight !

Mar. Not with me, I hope : This is all Interruption by Heav'n !

Mr. Prais. 'Tis well there's not a Man asserts your Cause.

[*Walks about.*]

Mar. How Sir ! Not a Man assert my Cause ?

Prais. No ; if there were, this Instant you should behold him weltring at your Feet.

Mr. Pow. Sir !

Mr. Prais. Hold ! Honest *George* ; I'll not do the Town such an Injury, to whip thee thro' the Guts.

Mar. Barbarous, not to endure the Jest the whole Audience must hear with patience.

Enter Mr. Aw'dwell.

Mr. Aw'dw. What's here Quarrelling ? Come on ; I thank Heav'n, I never was more inclin'd to Bloodshed in my Life.

Mr. Prais. This is my Evil Genius : I said I should have no Luck to Day — *Mr. Aw'dwell,* your very humble Servant, did you hear a Noise, as you came in ? 'Twas I made the Noise, *Mr. Aw'dwell,* I'll tell you how 'twas.

Aw'dw. Do, for I am resolv'd to justifie the Lady.

Mr. Prais. Then you must know, I was trying to act one of *Marfilla's* Heroes, a horrible blustering Fellow ! That made me so loud, Sir ; now, says *Mr. Powell,* you do it aw-kerdly ; whip says I, in answer like a Chollerick Fool, and out comes *Poker,* whether *George* was out so soon I can't say.

E

Mr. Pow.

Mr. *Pow.* How Sir! my Sword in the Scabbard, and your's drawn!

Mr. *Prais.* Nay, nay, may be it was *George*, but now we are as good Friends as ever, witness this hearty Hug!
(to *Marf.*) Madam, I invented this Story to prevent your Rehearsals being interrupted,

Mar. I thank you Sir, your Cowardize has kept Quietness.

Mr. *Prais.* Your Servant Madam, I shall find a time.

Mr. *Aw'dw.* So shall I!

Mr. *Prais.* 'Tis hard tho' one can't speak a Word to a Lady without being over-heard.

Mar. Come Mr. *Aw'dwell*, sit down, I am oblig'd to you for what you have done, but this Fellow may make a Party for me at the Coffee-house; therefore prithee let him alone, tho' I believe my Play won't want it.—Now clear the Stage; Prompter give me the Book! Oh, Mr. *Powell*, you must stay, I shall want your Advice; I'll tell ye time enough for your Entrance.

Mr. *Pow.* Madam, give me leave to take a Glas of Sack, I am qualmish

Marf. Oh! Fie, Mr. *Powell*, we'll have Sack here, d'ye see Ladies, you have teaz'd Mr. *Powell* sick: Well, Impertinence, in a Woman is the Devil!

Mrs. *Wellf.* Shall we stay to be affronted?

Calista. Prithee let's stay, and laugh at her *Opera*, as she calls it, for I hear 'tis a very foolish one.

Mar. Come Prologue-Speakers! Prologue Speakers! Where are you? I shall want Sack my self, by and by, I believe.

Enter

*Enter Two Men with Whiskers, large Truncheons,
Drest strangely.*

Mar. Lord, *Mr. Powell*, these Men are not half tall enough, nor half big enough! What shall I do for a larger sort of Men?

Mr. Pow. Faith, Madam, I can't tell, they say the Race diminishes every Day.

Mar. Ay, so they do with a witness, *Mr. Powell*. Oh, these puny Fellows will spoil the Design of my Prologue! Hark ye! *Mr. Powell*, you know the huge tall Monster, that comes in one Play, which was taken Originally from *Bartholomew-fair*? Against this, is spoke Publickly; cou'd not we contrive to dress up two such things, twou'd set the Upper-Gallery a Clapping like mad? And let me tell you, *Mr. Powell*, that's a Clapping not to be despis'd.

Mr. Pow. We'll see what may be done: But, Madam, you had as good hear these speak it now.

Mar. Well, Sheep-biters, begin!

1st.—Well, Brother Monster, What do you do here!

Marf. Ah! And 'tother looks no more like a Monster than I do; speak it fuller in the Mouth Dunc.

Well, Brother Monster, what do you do here?

1st.—Well, Brother Monster, what do you do here?

2d.—I come to put the Criticks in a mortal Fear.

Marf. O Heav'ns! You shou'd have every thing that is terrible in that Line! You shou'd speak it like a Ghost, like a Giant, like a Mandrake, and you speak it like a Mouse.

Mr. Pow. Madam, if you won't let 'em proceed, we shan't do the first Act this Morning.

Mar. I have no Patience! I wish you wou'd be a Monster, *Mr. Powell*, for once, but then I cou'd not match you neither.

Mr. Pow. I thank you Madam, come, these will mend with Practice.

Mar. ——— Come begin then, and go thro' with it roundly.

1st. ——— Well, Brother Monster, what do you do here?

2d. ——— I come to put the Criticks in a mortal Fear.

1st. ——— I'm also sent upon the same Design,

2d. ——— Then let's our heavy Trunchions shake and joyn.

Mar. Ah! The Devil take thee, for a squeaking Treble! D'y'e mention shaking your Trunchions, and not so much as stir 'em, Block! By my hopes of *Cataline*, you shall never speak it, give me the Papers quickly.

[*Throws their Trunchions down.*]

1st. ——— Here's mine.

2d. ——— And mine, and I'm glad on't

Mar. Out of my Sight, begone I say! [*Pushes 'em off.*]
Lord! Lord! I shan't recover my Humour again, this half Hour!

Mr. Pow. Why do you vex your self, so much, Madam?

Mr. Av'dw. Poetry ought to be for the use of the Mind, and for the Diversion of the Writer, as well as the Spectator; but to you, sure Madam, it proves only a Fatigue and Toyl.

Mar. Pray, *Mr. Av'dwell*, don't come here to make your Remarks; what, I shan't have the Priviledge to be in a Passion for you! Shall I; how dare you contradict me?

Mr. Praif. But you shall be in a Passion, if you have a mind to it, by the Clubb of *Hercules*. Ah! Madam, if we had but *Hercules*, *Hercules* and his Clubb wou'd ha' done rarely: Dear Madam! Let 'em have Clubbs next time, do Madam, let 'em ha' Clubbs; let it be my Thought.

Mar. What,

Mar. What, for you to brag on't all the Town over! No, they shan't have Clubbs, tho' I like Clubbs better my self too.

Mr. Prais. I ha' done, I ha' done.

Mar. O Heav'ns! Now I have lost *Mr. Powell*, with your Nonsensical Clubbs, wou'd there was a lusty one about your empty Pate.

Mr. Prais. I ha' done, I ha' done, Madam.

Mar. *Mr. Powell!* *Mr. Powell!*

Scene-Keeper—He's gone out of the House, Madam.

Mar. Oh the Devil! Sure I shall go distracted! Where's this Book? Come we'll begin the Play: Call my Lady *Loveall*, and *Betty Useful* her Maid: Pray keep a clear Stage.

Now look you, *Mr. Praiseall*, 'thas been the receiv'd Opinion, and Practice in all your late *Opera's* to take care of the Songish part, as I may call it, after a great Man; and for the Play, it might be the History of *Tom Thumb*; no matter how, I have done just contrary, took care of the Language and Plot; and for the Musick, they that don't like it, may go whistle.

Mr. Aw'dw. Why wou'd you chuse to call it an *Opera* then?

Mar. Lord! *Mr. Aw'dwell*, I han't time to answer every impertinent Question.

Mr. Prais. No Sir! We han't time, it was the Ladys Will, and that's Allmighty Reason.

Mr. Aw'dw. I shall have an Opportunity to Kick that Fellow.

Mar. I wonder my Lord Duke's not come, nor Sir *Thomas*. Bless me! What a Disorder my dress is in? Oh! These People will give me the Spleen intollerably! Do they design ever to enter or no? My Spirits are quite gone! They may do e'en what they will.

Mrs. Wellf.

Mrs. Wellf. They are entring, Madam.

Marf. Mrs. Wellfed, you know where to get good Wine; pray fpeak for fome, then perhaps we fhall keep Mr. Powell.

Mrs. Wellf. I'll take care of it, I warrant you.

Marf. I knew 'twas a pleafing Errand.

Enter Lady Loveall, and Betty Useful.

Mar. Come Child, fpeak handfomly, this Part will do you a Kindnefs.

Betty. Why do thofe Eyes, Loves Tapers, that on whomfoe'er they are fixt, kindle ftraight Defire, now feem to Nod, and Wink, and hardly Glimmer in their Sockets?

Mar. Mr. Praifeall, is not that Simile well carried on?

Mr. Praif. To an Extreimity of Thought, Madam, But I think 'tis ftole. *[Aside.]*

La. Lov. Art thou the Key to all my Secrets, privy to every rambling Wifh, and canft not guefs my Sorrows!

Betty. No! For what Lover have ye mift, honeft Betty Useful has been the Contriver, Guide and clofe Concealer of your Pleafures: *Amorous* the Steward, you know, is yours; the Butler too bows beneath your Conquering Charms, and you have vow'd your Wifhes in your own Family fhould be confin'd, who then of Worth remains?

La. Lov. —Oh Betty! Betty!

Mar. Good Mrs. Knight fpeak that as paffionately as you can, becaufe you are going to Swoon, you know; and I hate Women fhould go into a Swoon, as fome of our Authors make 'em, without fo much as altering their Face, or Voice.

La. Lov. —

La. Lov. ——— Madam, I never knew *Betty* sound well in Heroick.

Mar. Why, no Mrs. *Knight*, therefore in that lies the Art, for you to make it sound well; I think I may say, without a Blush, I am the first that made Heroick natural.

La. Lov. I'll do my best.

Oh! *Betty*! *Betty*! Fear and Love, like meeting Tides, o'erwhelm me, the rowling Waves beat sinking Nature down, and Ebbing Life retires! [Swoons.]

Mar. What d'ye think of that, Mr. *Praiseall*? There's a Clap for a Guinea: 'Gad if there is not, I shall scarce forbear telling the Audience they are uncivil.

Prais. Nor, Gad, I shall scarce forbear Fighting 'em one by one. But hush! Now let's hear what *Betty* says.

Betty. Oh! My poor Lady! Look up, fair Saint! Oh close not those bright Eyes! If 'tis in *Betty's* Power, they shall still be feasted with the Object of their Wishes.

Prais. Well said, honest *Betty*.

Mar. Nay, She is so throughout the whole Play, to the very last, I assure you.

La. Lov. Yes, he shall be mine! Let Law, and Rules, confine the creeping Stoick, the cold lifeless Hermit, or the Dissembling Brethren of Broad Hats, and narrow Bands; I am a Libertine, and being so, I love my Husband's Son, and will enjoy him.

Mar. There's a Rant for you! Oh Lord! Mr. *Praiseall*, look how Mrs. *Betty's* surpriz'd: Well, she doth a silent Surprise the best it's World; I must kiss her, I cannot help it, 'tis incomparable! Now speak Mrs *Betty*, now speak.

Betty. My Master's Son just Married to a Celebrated Beauty, with which he comes slowly on, and beneath this Courtous Roof rests this Night his wearied Head.

La. Lov. ———

La. Lov. — Let me have Musick then, to melt him down; he comes and meets this Face to charm him. 'Tis done! 'Tis done! By Heav'n, I cannot bear the reflected Glories of those Eyes, all other Beauties fly before me.

Betty. But *Isabella* is —

Mar. Now *Betty's* doubting — Dear Mrs. *Knight*, in this Speech, stamp as Queen *Statira* does, that always gets a Clap; and when you have ended, run off, thus, as fast as you can drive. O Gad! Duce take your confounded Stumbling Stage.

[*Stumbles.*

Mr. *Prais.* Oh! Madam!

Mar. Hush! Hush! 'Tis nothing! Come Madam.

La. Lov. No more, he is mine, I have him fast: Oh! The Extasie!

Mar. Now Stamp, and Hug your self, Mrs. *Knight*: Oh! The strong Extasie!

La. Lov. Mine! Forever mine! [*Exit.*

Betty. But you must ask me leave first; yes, I will assist her, for she is nobly generous, and pays for Pleasure, as dear as a Chambermaids Avarice requires! Then, my old Master, why, I fear not him, he is an old Book-worm, never out of his Study; and whilst he finds out a way to the Moon, my Lady and I'll tread another beaten Road much pleasanter: My next Task must be to tempt Fasting, with my Lady's Beauty, this *Isabella*. —

Enter Amourous the Steward.

Am. Did I not hear the Name of *Isabella*? *Isabella*, Charming as *Venus* rising from the Sea, or *Diana* descending

ing on *Latmus* Top too like *Diana* much I fear : Oh *Isabella* ! Where art thou ! I loose my way in Tears, and cannot find my Feet. [*Exit.*

Mar. D'ye mark ! This was Mr. *Amorous* the Steward, and he was transported, he never saw *Betty*. Look *Betty*'s surpris'd again.

Mr. Prais. 'Tis amazingly fine !

Betty. What's this I have heard ? It makes for us ; Mischief and Scandal are a Feast for them who have past the Line of Shame : *Amorous* has a Wife, and *Isabella Faustins*, work on together, work, work, on together work.

Mar. Now make haste off, Mrs. *Betty*, as if you were so full of Thought, you did not know what you did. Gentlemen and Ladies, how d'ye like the first Scene ?

[*Exit Betty.*

Mr. Prais. If your Ladyship swore, you might justly use *Ben Johnson*'s Expressions ; By Gad 'tis Good !

Mar. What say you, *Calista* ?

Calis. 'Tis beyond imitation. I never heard such stuff in my Life. [*Aside.*

Mar. Did you observe *Betty* said her Master was finding out a new way to the Moon ?

Mr. Prais. Yes marry did I, and I was thinking to ask if I might not go with him, for I have a great mind to see the Moon World.

Mar. And you shall see it all, and how they live in't, before the Play's done ; here they have talked of the Emperour of the Moon, and the World in the Moon, but discovered nothing of the Matter : Now, again, I go just contrary ; for I say nothing, and shew all.

F

Mr. Prais.

Mr. *Prais*. And that's kindly done to surprize us with such a Sight.

Mar. Observe, and you'll be satisfied. Call *Fastin*, and *Isabella*, attended ; that is to say, call Mr. *Powell*, and Miftrels *Cross*, and the Mob ; for their Attendants look much like the Mob. Mr. *Praiseall*, do you know where the Scene of this Play lies ?

Mr. *Prais*. Gad forgive me for a Sot ; Eaith I han't minded it.

Mar. Why, to tell you the Truth, 'tis not yet resolv'd ; but it must be in some warm Climate, where the Sun has power, and where there's Orange Groves ; for *Isabella*, you'll find, Loves walking in Orange Groves.

Mr. *Prais*. Suppose you lay it in *Holland*, I think we have most of our Oranges, and Lemons from thence.

Mr. *Ans'd*. Well said Geographer.

Mar. No, no, it must be some where in *Italy*. Peace ! They are coming.

Enter Fastin, and Isabella attended.

Attendance, don't tread upon their Backs, keep at an awful Distance there ; so upon my Train ! Ah thou Block-head, thou art as fit for a Throne, as a Stage.

Fas. Shall I speak, Madam.

Mar. Ay, dear Mr. *Powell*, soon as you please.

Fas. Wellcome, dear *Isabella*, to this peaceful Seat of all my Father's Mansions, this is his Choice, this surrounded by these melancholly Groves, it suits his Philosophick Temper best ; yet Fame reports, he has so long given his—Studies truce, as to wed a Young and beauteous Bride.

Mr. *Prais*.

Mr. Praif. Why, Madam, had my Lady *Loveall* never seen this Spark?

Mar. No, no; but she had heard of him, and that's all one.—Don't ask a Question just when People are a speaking, good *Mr. Praiseall*.

Mr. Praif. I beg your Pardon.

Mar. Pish! Come *Mrs. Crofs*.

Isabella. Close by there, is an Orange Grove dark as my Thoughts, yet in that Darkness lovely; there my Lord, with your leave, I'd walk.

Faf. Your Pleasure shall be mine.

Mar. Lead her to the side Scene, *Mr. Powell*, now come back again.

Faf. To desire and love to walk alone, shews her Thoughts entertain and please her more than I, that's not so well.

Mar. Mark! He is beginning to be jealous: Now comes *Betty*, and I dare be bold to say, here's a Scene excels *Jago*, and the *Moor*.

Mr. Praif. Come, dear *Mrs. Betty Useful*! Oh! She's my Heart's Delight!

Enter Betty Useful.

Faf. What Fair Nymph is this?

Betty. From the bright Partner of your Fathers Bed, too sweet a Blossome, alas, to hang on such a wither'd Tree, whose sapless Trunk affords no Nourishment to keep her Fresh and Fair! From her I come to you, and charming *Isabella*, But where is that Lady? Can you be separate? Can any thing divide her from your fond Eyes.

Mar. Now she begins.

Faf. By her own desire, she chooses Solitudes, and private Walks, flies these faithful Arms; or if she meets 'em, Cold and Clammy as the Damp of Death her Lips still joyn my Longings.

Betty. Cold Sweats, Privacies and lonely Hours, all Signs of strong Averſion: Oh had your Fate but thrown you on my Lady, her very Eyes had rais'd your Paſſion up to Madneſs.

Faf. Thou haſt already kindled Madneſs here; Jealouſie that unextinguiſh'd Fire, that with the ſmalleſt Fuel burns, is blazing round my Heart. Oh! Courteous Maid, go on! Inform me if my Love is falſe.

Betty. As yet, I cannot, the Office is ungrateful, but for your ſake, I'll undertake it.

Faf. Do, and command me ever.

Betty. The Fair *Clemene*.

Faf. My Mother, do you mean?

Betty. Call her not ſo, unleſs you break her Heart: A Thouſand tender Names all Day and Night ſhe gives you, but you can never ſcape her Lips, her Curtains by me drawn wide, diſcover your goodly Figure, each Morn the Idol's brought, eagerly ſhe prints the dead Colours, throws her tawny Arms abroad, and vainly hopes kiſſes ſo Divine, wou'd inſpire the painted Nothing, and mould into Man.

Mar. Is not this moving, Mr. *Powell*?

Praiſ. Ay, and melting too, I Gad, wou'd I was the Picture for her ſake.

Faf. What's this I hear?

Praiſ. Nay, no harm, Sir.

Mar. Fie! Mr. *Praiſeall*! Let your ill-tim'd Jeſts alone.

Praiſ. I.

Prais. I ha' done, I ha' done.

Marf. Mr. *Powell*, be pleas'd to go on.

Faf. What's this I hear?

Betty. Her own Picture, which sure she sees by Sympathy, you'll entertain by me, she prays you to except.

[*Gives the Picture.*

Mar. Now, dear Mr. *Powell*, let me have the pleasure to hear you rave. Oh! Mr. *Praiseall*, this Speech, I die upon this Speech!

Mr. Prais. Wou'd we cou'd hear it, Madam, I am preparing to clap.

Faf. What's this thou hast given me? There's more than Necromantick Charms in every bewitching Line, my trembling Nerves are in their Infancy; I am cold as Ice!

Mar. Ay, ay, Love comes just like an Ague Fit.

Faf. What alteration here? Now I am all on Fire! *Al-*
sides Shirt sticks close; Fire, incestious Fire, I blaze! I
burn! I Roast! I Fry! Fire! Fire! [*Exit.*

Betty. And my Lady will bring Water, Water, ha, ha, ha.

Mar. Laugh heartily, Mrs. *Betty*, go off Laughing.

Betty. Ha, ha, ha!

[*Exit.*

Mar. So, Mr. *Praiseall*, here's a difficult matter brought about with much ease.

Prais. Yes, Faith Madam, so there is; the young Gentleman made no great Scruple to fall in Love with his Mother-in-Law.

Mar. O fie, Mr. *Praiseall*, 'twas the Struglings of his Virtue put him in such a Passion.

Prais. Ah! Madam! When once Virtue comes to strugle, either in Male or Female, it commonly yields.

Marf. You.

Marf. You are waggish — Now for my Dance —
Mrs. — *Mrs. Crofs*, *Mrs. Crofs*, come you little Cherubim, your Dance.

A DANCE.

Aw'dwell. Pray, Madam, who is this Dance to entertain?

Mar. What, do you sit an Hour to study a crofs Question? Why, to fatisfie you, Sir, you are to fuppofe *Fafin*, in paffing towards his Mothers Lodgings, may, out of fome Gallery, fee it; now you are answered.

Aw'dw. I am.

Mr. Praif. Ay, and fufficiently too: A Gallery Balcony, twenty Peepholes.

Enter Mrs. Crofs.

Mrs. Crofs. Madam, I cou'd wifh you wou'd not be difoblig'd if I gave up this Part, I fhall get my felf, nor you, no Credit by it.

Mar. How, *Mrs. Crofs*! Difoblig'd! Affure your felf, I fhall resent it ill to the laft Degree, what throw up my Heroine! my *Ifabella*! Was there ever a Character more Chafte, more Noble, or more Pitiful?

Mrs. Crofs. Yes, very Chafte, when I am in Love with my Father-in-Law's Steward, I know not why, nor wherefore.

Mar. *Mrs. Crofs*, I maintain, no Woman in the Play-Houfe, nor out of the Play-houfe, can be chafter than I make *Ifabella*; but trouble your Head no further, I'll do the Part my felf.

Mrs. Crofs. With all my Heart.

Mar. And

Mar. And let me tell you *Mistress Cross*, I shall command whatever is in the Wardrobe, I assure you!

Mrs. Cross. Any of my Gowns are at your Service, if they'll fit you, Madam.

Mar. Nay, they shall be ; perhaps, without boasting, I command them, that command you.

Mrs. Cross. Perhaps 'tis not worth boasting on ; there's your part. [*Exit.*]

Mar. A little inconsiderable Creature ! Well, she shall see how much better 'twill be done, and for meer madness, hang her self in her own Garters. *Mrs. Wellfed*, I'll wear a white Feather, That, I believe, will become me best. *Patty*, is *Patty* there ?

Pat. Yes, Madam.

Mar. *Patty*, run to the Exchange, bring me a Dozen yards of Scarlet Ribbon ; and d'ye hear *Patty* ? Some shining Patches, some Pulvil and Essence, my Lord Duke shall help me to Jewels ; throw up her part ! I'll fit her, let her see how the Town will receive her, after I have trode the Stage.

Mr. An'dw. Why, Madam, you are not in earnest !

Mar. By my hopes of *Catiline*, I am.

Mr. An'dw. For Heav'n's sake, don't make your self so irrecoverably ridiculous.

Mr. Prais. Do, Madam, I say, 'Gad, I'll make such a Party ! Gad, I'll do nothing but clap, from the time I come into the House, 'till I go out ; Ouns, I'll be hang'd if it don't bring a Swindging Audience, on the third day.

Mr. An'dw. To dance naked on the third Day, wou'd bring a bigger Audience, Why don't you perswade the Lady to that ? [*Speaking loud to Marfillia.*]

Do, *Marfillia*, be rul'd by your Vanity, and that good Friend, *Mr. Praiseall* ; but rest assur'd, after such a weakness, I will never see your Face again.

Mar. Ha !

Mar. Ha! I must not loose him. (*aside*) VVhy, *Mr. Aw'dwell*, wou'd you have such a hopeful Play lost? Can you be so unreasonable to desire it? And that Part ruins all.

Mr. Aw'dwell. Give me the Part, and I'll try to perswade *Mrs. Crofs*.

Mar. Do, that's a good Boy; and I won't disoblige him this two days.

Mr. Aw'dw. Is't possible! Will you dine at your own Lodgings to day? I'll give Order for some Dishes of Meat there?

Mar. Yes, yes.

Mr. Aw'dw. Don't serve me now, as you did when I provided a handsome Dinner for you at my own House; and you whiskt to *Chelssy*, in a Coach, with the Lord knows who.

Mar. No, I scorn it.

[*Exit Mr. Aw'dwell.*

Prais. You was talking of Wine, there is some within; pray take a Recruit before you proceed.

Mar. A good Motion, wait upon these two Ladies in, and I'll follow; I must practice a little, least *Mrs. Crofs* shou'd prove stubborn, and then, not my Father's Ghost shou'd hinder me.

Calista. VVe'll begin your health.

[*Excunt.*

Mar. Do.

Whom shall I Curse, my Birth, My Fate, or Stars! All are my Foes! All bent to ruine Innocence!

Enter

Enter Patty, with Patches, Powder, Looking-glass, &c.

Pat. Oh, Madam !

Mar. How now, Impertinence ! was not you told of Interrupting once to Day ? Look how she stands now ! How long must I expect what you have to say ?

Pat. My Lord *Whiffle* is come to wait on your Ladyship, and sends to know, whether you are at leisure.

Mar. Ay, he understands Breeding, and Decorum. Is my Dress in great disorder ?

Pat. You Look all Charming, Madam.

Mar. Hold the Glass ; give me some Patches ; my Box is done ; I am much oblig'd to his Lordship for this Honour. Some Powder.

(Pulls the Box out of her Pocket.)
Put my Gown to rights, and shake my Tail. The unmannerly Blockheads have made a Road over it, and left the vile Impression of their Nauseous Feet. Well, how do I look now, *Patty* ?

Pat. Like one of the Graces, dress'd for a Ball at the Court of Orleans.

Mar. Ha, ha, ha ; well said, *Patty* ; now for my dear, dear Lord *Whiffle*.

Mr. Awdwell meeting her.

Mr. Awd. How !

Mar. And how too ! why, look ye, Mr. *Awdwell*, my Lord is come to pay his Respects to me ; and I will pay
G my

[42]

my Respects again to my Lord, in spite of your Tyrannical Pretensions. And so, your humble Servant.

(Exit

Mr. Awd. *Who wou'd a kind and certain Mistress choose,
Let him, like me, take one that loves a Muse.*

(Exit.

The End of the Second A C T.

ACT

A C T III.

*Enter my Lord Whiffle, Marfilia, Mr. Awdwell,
Mr. Praifall, Mrs. Wellfed. and Calista.*

Mrs. Well. **F**OR my part I am quite tir'd, and have a great mind to steal home to Dinner; will you please to go with me, Madam?

Cal. VVith all my Heart: *Marfilia's* so taken up with my Lord, they'll never miss us.

Mrs. Well. Come then.

(Exeunt.)

[Marfilia and my Lord VVhiffle talk, both looking in a great Glafs.]

Mar. Thus I have told your Lordship the First part, which is past.

L. Whif. I conceive you, Madam, I have the whole Story in a Corner of my head intire, where no other Thought shall presume to interpose. Confound me, if my damn'd Barber has not made me look like a Mountebank: This Wigg I shall never endure, that's certain.

Mar. Now I must beg your Lordship to suppose *Faſtin* having seen his Mother-in-Law, is wholly captivated with

her Charms, and *Betty* and she have both foresworn the Consummation of her Marriage with *Fastin's* Father ; so he takes her to an adjacent Castle of his ; she having cast the old Philosopher in a deep sleep. I'm forc't to tell your Lordship this, because the Play does not mention it.

Mr. *Awd.* I am afraid your Ladyship will be wanted, like the *Chorus* of Old, to enlighten the understanding of the Audience.

Mar. Meer Malice, Spight, and burning Malice, by the Gods !

L. *Whiff.* Very good, my Coat is as full of wrinkles as an Old VWoman's Face, by *Jove*.

Mr. *Prais.* Madam, han't they took *Betty* with 'em to his Castle ?

Mar. Yes, yes ; But, Mr. *Praisfall*, you must keep your Distance a little now, and not interrupt me, when I am talking to my Lord.

Mr. *Prais.* I am dumb as a Fish.

Mar. Now, if your Lordship pleases to sit down, you will see my *Opera* begin ; for tho' some of the Play is over, there has been no Scene Operaisht yet.

Mr. *Awd.* Operaisht ! Thats' a word of your own, I suppose, Madam.

Mr. *Prais.* Ne're the worse for that, I hope, Sir ; why mayn't the Ladies make a word as well as the Men ?

L. *Whiff.* The Lady shall make what words she pleases ; and I will justifie her in't.

Mr. *Awd.* And I will laugh at her for it.

Mar. VVell, Mr. *Awdwell*, these Affronts, are not so soon forgot as given.

Mr. *Awd.* Use your Pleasure, Madam, the Fool's almost weary.

Mar. He nettles me ; but I think I have him in my power : Is your Lordship ready to observe ?

L. *Whiff.*

L. Whiff. Madam, I am all Attention.

Mar. Come, the Night Scene there, a Dark Grove made
Glorious by a Thousand burning Lights : By Heav'ns my
words run of themselves into Heroick ! Now Let em' enter.

Enter Fastin, Lady Loveall.

Fast. Cou'd Age expect to hold thee ! Oh thou Heav'nly
Charmer ! was there such an Impudence in Impotence ; if
the old Dotard has liv'd past his Reason, he must be taught
it ; yes, it shall dazle in his Eyes.

Mr. And. A very Dutiful Son, this.

Mar. Sir, I desire your Absence, if you won't let the
Players go on : His Father has done a very foolish thing,
and must be call'd to an account for it.

L. Whiff. Right Madam ; all old Men do foolish things
when they marry young Wives, and ought to meet with
exemplary Punishments.

Mar. Aye, your Lordship understands the Justice of the
thing---- *Mrs. Knight*, if you please.

La. Lov. Whilst my Ears devour your protested Love,
my Heart dances to the Musick of your Vows. But is there
no Falshood in a Form so lovely ! if there is, these Eyes
that let the Object in, must weep for ever !

Fast. By Honour and by Glory, I love thee more than
Mortal can express or bear.

Mar. Now, *Mr. Powel*, my Rhime with a Boon Grace.

Fast. *My scorching Raptures make a Boy of Jove ;
That ramping God shall learn of me to love.*

Mar. How does your Lordship like these Lines ?

L. Whiff.

L. Whiff. Madam, they exceed any of our modern Flights, as far as a Description of *Homer's* does *Mr. Settle's*, Poet in Ordinary for my Lord Mayor's Show.

Mr. Praif. After what my Lord has said, I dare not speak, but I am all Admiration.

Mar. to Mrs. Knight. Madam I beg your pardon for this Interruption ; my Friends here will treat me with Flattery.

La. Lov. to Fastin. And you will be so vain to believe it none. (*aside.*) Nor *Isabella* shall not---

Fast. Be nam'd only for Punishment, her Adultery with *Amorous* is plain, therefore she shall be disgrac'd, and dye.

Mr. Awd. VWho had told him this?

Mar. VVhy *Betty* had told him, tho' *Isabella* was Innocent as to the matter of Fact. Indeed Fate over-rul'd her Inclination : I will not answer you another Question, I protest : find it out as the rest of the VWorld does.

Fastin to his Attendants.) Guard the Orange Grove ; there let *Isabella* remain a Prisoner, whilst I entertain the fair *Clemene* with a Song and Dances here.

(*Italian Song by Mr. Pate.*)

Mar. This Song's my own ; and I think soft and moving.

L. Whiff. My slacken'd Fibres!----My Sou'ls dissolv'd.

(*Repeats.*)

Mar. Now the Grotesque Entertainment ; I have mine perform'd by women, because it should differ from t'other House : if it has done em' any Injury I am sorry ; but it cou'd not be hop'd, the Play must not be absolutely without Ornament. Pray take care, Gentlewomen, as we Poets are fain to do, that we may excell the Men, who first led the way

DANCE

D A N C E.

After the Dance, a Drum beats.

Enter Betty.

Prais. Oh, Mrs. Betty!

Mar. Hold your peace, Mrs. Betty's in haste.

Bet. Fly, Sir, fly; old *Whimsical* is waked by another wretch, a Fornicator, who has liv'd past the Pleasure and the Sin. These wither'd Cuffs come on; follow'd by a monstrous Rabble, to seize the Lady.

Lady Lo. Alas, I fear.

Fast. Talk not of Fear, my Love, while I am by; thou art as safe as if ten thousand Legions were thy Guard. First to the Castle I will take my way, and leave thee there secure; in the mean time my Men fall on upon his mobbish Soldiers, but spare the stubborn old Man, because he is my Father. *(Exeunt.*

Mar. Now there's his Duty, there's his Duty! D'ye hear that, Mr. *Quarrelsome*!

Mr. And. VVondrous Duty! sets the Rabble about his Father's Ears, and bids 'em not hurt him.

Mar. Now, my Lord, and Gentlemen, and Ladies, where are the Ladies?

Mr. Prais. I have miss'd 'em a great while, Madam: But I wou'd not interrupt you to tell you of't.

Mar. Ill-bred Things! who do they expect shou'd have Patience with their dull stuff? But, as I was saying, I must beg you once again to suppose old Lord *Whimsical*, *Love-all*, is attacking his Son's Castle, and beaten back: Now they are behind

behind the Scenes ; found a Storm again, three times ; now we'll suppose 'em repuls'd. And from the Castle let the Trumpets and Violins join in a Tune of Victory. So, there's a Battle well over.

L. Whiff. With a very little trouble. But, Madam, had not the storming the Castle been as good a Scene as the taking of *Jerusalem*.

Mar. Granted, my Lord. But I have a Castle taken upon the Stage ; and twice, you know, had been Repetition.

Mr. Prais. True ; your Ladiship was never in the wrong in your Life, unless it was when you said, I had no Courage.

Mar. Change the Scene to the Orange Grove.

Enter Isabella.

Your Servant *Mrs. Cross*, I am glad to see you again.

Mrs. Cross. Truly the Gentleman would not be deny'd ; tho' really, Madam, 'twas only fear I shou'd not serve you in't, made me backward.

Mar. All's well, and I'm pleas'd. Will you give your self the trouble to enter again ? because that will make you look more alone.

Mrs. Cross. Yes, Madam. (*Goes out, and Re-enters.*)

Isab. Methought I heard the sound of War pierce the hollow Groves : Else 'twas my melancholly Fancy chim'd to my sick Brain. Yet it cannot be Delusion ; for I am a Prisoner. A surly Fellow, who lookt as if Pity was his Foe, told me, I here must wait my Lord's Commands. Oh, *Faustin* ! if thou art cruel or unkind, thou art justly so : For I came to thy Arms without a Heart, without Love's
Flames,

Flames, or desire to kindle 'em. Oh! why was *Amorous* sent to my Fathers Castle, to begin the Parly? 'Tis true, he's in the vale of Years; yet Oh! such Charms remain! He found the way to my unguarded Heart; nor need he storm, I could not the least Opposition make; he streight was Lord of all within; yet, Chaste as Fires, which consume in Urns, and vainly warm the Dead, so Useless is my Flame!

Mar. My Lord! wou'd your Lordship imagine *Mrs. Crofs* shou'd dislike the part, when I desire all the Virgins in *Europe* to make so cold a Simile as that?

L. Wh. Thou'lt turn'd me into Marble; I am a Statue upon the Tomb where the Urn's inclos'd.

Mr. Prais. My Teeth chatter in my head.

Mr. Awd. Oh for a Couple of good Cudgels to warm the Coxcombs. *(aside.)*

Mar. Well, dear *Isabella*, proceed.

Ifab. Thou Mother Earth, bear thy wretched Daughter: Open thy all-receiving Womb, and take thy groaning burthen in!

Mar. Now You'll see this Act, very full of Business. Come, Lord *Whimsicall*, and *Amorous*, hastily.

Enter Lord Whimsicall and Amorous.

L. Whim. Raise thee from Earth, thou most unhappy Wife of my most wicked Son! fly, whilst faithful *Amorous* and I Protect thee from what his Savage rage has doom'd.

Ifab. What has he doom'd? alas, I dare not fly with you and *Amorous*.

H

Am.

Amo. Then leave me here to Death ; follow your Father, and shun approaching Danger.

If. What Death ! what Danger ! make me understand you.

Mar. Ay, Poor Lady ! she's unwilling *Amorous* shou'd dye too.

L. Whim. Your Husband loudly proclaims you an Adultress, and means to make War on that fair work of Heav'n, your Face ; And Noseless send you back to your own Father.

Amo. Oh, horrid ! hasten, Madam, from the brutal Tyrant.

Ifa. I must consult my Immortal Honour ; that's a Beauty to me, more valued than Nature's Out-work's, a Face. Let me consider, 'tis my Husband's Father ; to retire till I am justifi'd, cannot be a Crime, Sir. I have resolv'd to go.

My Innocence is white as *Alpine* Snow,

By these Tears, which never cease to flow.

Mar. Your pardon, Mrs. give me leave to instruct you in a moving Cry. Oh ! there's a great deal of Art in crying : Hold your Handkerchief thus ; let it meet your Eyes, thus ; your Head declin'd, thus ; now, in a perfect whine, crying out these words,

° *By these Tears, which never cease to Flow.*

Is not that right my Lord ?

L. Whim. Oh gad ! feelingly Passionate, Madam ; were your Ladyship to do it, the whole House wou'd catch the Infection ; and as in *France* they are all in a Tune, they'd here be all in Tears.

Awdwell. Now I fancy 'twou'd have just the contrary effect on me.

Mar. Oh Jehu ! how am I tortur'd with your Nonsense ! Proceed, for Heav'n's sake ; let my Ears be diverted with my own words ; for your's grate 'em beyond induring.

Ifab.

Ifab. Must I repeat this stuff agen?

Mar. Stuff! my Spirit rises at her : But 'tis in vain to resent it. The truth on't is, Poets are so increas'd, Players value 'em no more than---

Awd. Ballad-fingers.

Awd. Spiteful Devils. VVell, *Mrs. Cross*, I'll not trouble you agen; *Amorous* shall suppose you are going. Come, *Mr. Pinkethman*.

Amo. Then with this Flaming Sword I'll clear the way,
And hunt for Danger in the Face of Day.

Mar. Well, *Mr. Pinkethman*, I think you are oblig'd to me for choosing you for a Heroe; Pray do it well, that the Town may see, I was not mistaken in my Judgment: Fetch large Strides; walk thus; your Arms strutting; your Voice big, and your Eyes terrible.

Then with this Flaming Sword I'll clear the way.

Amo. Then thus I'll clear your way, (Draws.
And hunt for Danger in the Face of Day.

Ifa. Alas, does any oppose us?

L. Whim. Only some stragling fellows, which *Amorous* will scour; and in the Corner of the Grove the Chariot waits. (Exeunt.

Mar. Now will your Ladyship please to conceive these three are got into my Lord *Whimsicall's* Castle? Whither *Faustin*, mad with Jealousie and Love, pursues: Now your Lordship shall see the storming of a Fort, not like your *Jerusalem*, but the modern way; my Men shall go all up thro' a trap door, and ever now and then one drop polt down dead.

(talking eagerly, she throws my Lords
Snuff-box down.

L. Whim. Like my Snuff-box, Madam. 'Ouns my Snuff cost two Guineas.

Mar. I beg your Lordship's pardon.

Mr. *Prais*. Two Guineas, it shan't be all lost then.

(*Picks up the Snuff.*

Mar. Are you ready ?

(*goes to the Scenes.*

Within.) Yes, yes, Madam.

SCENE A Castle Storming.

Mar. My Lord, my Lord, this will make you amends for your Snuff ! Drums beat ; mount, ye Lumpish Dogs : what are you afraid of ? you know the Stones are only Wool : Faster, with more Spirit ? Brutes. Oh *Jehu* ! I am sorry I had not this Castle taken by women, then t'had been done like my Grotesque Dance there : mount, mount, Rascals.

(*Marcilia bustling among 'em, loses her Head-Clothes.*

Patty, Patty, my Head, my Head, the Brutes will trample it to Pieces. Now, Mr. *Powel*, enter like a Lyon.

Enter Fastin, Followers, Lady Loveall, Betty, &c.

Fast. By Heav'n, I'll tear her from her Lover's Arms, my Father only Spare.

La. Lov. Spare him not : hear my Charge.

Aim every arrow, at his Destin'd Head,

There is no Peace, 'till that Curst Villain's Dead.

Mar. Look, look, my Lord, where Mr. *Powell*'s got.

La. Lov. Oh, the rash young Man ; save him, Gods !

Betty. Protect him, *Venus* !

Mr.

Mr. *Prais.* How heartily *Betty* prays, and to her own Deity, I dare swear.

Fast. They fly! they fly! sound Trumpets, Sound! let *Clemene's* Musick joyn confine my Father to yon distant Tower: I'll not see him'till I have punish'd the Adultress: Set wide the Gates, and let *Clemenes* know she's Mistress here.

La. Lov. Where is he; Let me fly and bind his Wounds up with my Hair, lull him upon my own Bosom, and sing him into softest ease.

To Feast, and Revels Dedicate the Day.

Let the old Misers stores be all expos'd, and made the Soldiers Prey!

D'ye hear, let the Butler dye, least he tell Tales.

Betty. Madam, he shall then, no body will dare contradict us in the Cellar neither. *(Exeunt.)*

Mr. *Prais.* Well said, Mrs. *Betty*; she loves a Cup, I like her the better for't.

Mr. *And.* A hopeful Wife, this! do's she go on thus Triumphant?

Mar. I have sworn to answer you no more Questions.

L. *Whiff.* Indeed, Madam, you have made her very wicked.

Mar. The woman is a little Mischievous; but your Lordship shall see I'll bring her to Condign Punishment. My Lord, I will be bold to say, here is a Scene a coming, wherein there is the greatest Distress that ever was seen in a Play: 'tis poor *Amorous*, and *Isabella*. Mr. *Praisall*, do you remember that old *Whimsicall* was all along a Philosopher? Come let down the Chariot.

Mr. *Prais.* Lord Madam, do you think I don't, why was not he and I a going to the Moon together?

Mar. Right! you must keep a steady, and a solid Thought to find the Depths of this plot out. Now, my Lord, be pleas'd

pleas'd once again to conceive these poor Lovers hunted above the Castle, at last taking Sanctuary in a high pair of Leads, which adjoyns to the old Man's study; conceive also their Enemies at their Heels; how then can these lost Creatures 'scape?

Mr. *And.* May be they both leapt over the Leads, and broke their Necks.

L. *Whiff.* That's one way; but pray lets hear the Ladies.

Mar. You must know, my Lord, at first I design'd this for Tragedy; and they were both taken; She was Poyson'd, and dy'd, like an Innocent Lamb, as she was indeed: I was studying a Death for him; once I thought Boys shou'd shoot him to Death with Pot-Guns: for your Lordship may be pleas'd to understand, *Amorous* had been a Soldier, tho' now he was a Steward of the Family; and that wou'd have been Disgrace enough, you know: But at length I resolv'd to ram him into a great Gun, and scatter him o're the sturdy Plain: This, I say, was my first resolve. But I consider'd, 'twould break the Lady's Heart; so there is nothing in their Parts Tragical but as your Lordship shall see miraculously I turn'd it into an Opera.

L. *Whif.* Your Ladyship's Wit is Almighty, and produces nothing but Wonders.

Mr. *Prais.* The Devil take his Lordship, he is always before hand with me, and goes so confounded high, there's no coming after him.

Mar. Your Lordship shall see what, I think, their Opera's have not yet had.

SCENE

Admirelli

Deincourt

Spectator

Castidius sibi molestus

SCENE The Leads of a Castle.

*The Sun seen a little beyond : A Chariot stands
upon the Leads.*

Enter Isabella, follow'd by Amorous.

Isab. Now Death's in view, methinks I fear the Monster
Is there no God that Pities Innocence ? Oh ! thou All-see-
ing Sun, contract thy Glorious Beam's, hide me, in Dark-
ness hide me !

Mr. Awd. I am sorry to find your Heroine Shrink.

Mar. Oh ! 'tis more natural for a woman than bold ; as
an Imprison'd Cat, to fly Death i'th Face, as 'twere. Humph
was it you I took pains to convince ? Pray no more Inter-
ruption of this Scene.

Amor. Ten Massy Doors, all barr'd with wondrous
strength impede their Passage : Rest then, thou Milk-white
hunted Hind, forget the near Approach of fear, and hear the
Story of my Love.

Mr. Awd. Hey boy, little *Amorous* ! He'll loose no oppor-
tunity.

Mr. Prais. He is not like to have many ; he was a fool,
if he did not improve 'em.

Isab We soon shall mount yon Blisful Seats ! Let us be
rob'd with Innocence, least we want admittance there.

Amor. All Dreams ! meer Dreams ! bred from the Fumes
of Crabbed Education, and must we for this lose true Sub-
stantial Pleasure ? By Heav'n, 'twould be a noble Justice to
defeat

Braham

defeat their Malice : they hunt us for imaginary Crimes ;
and we must dye like Fools for doing nothing.

Mr. *Prais.* Well urg'd, *Amorous.*

L. *Whiff.* Bold, I vow.

Mar. A Lover shou'd be so, my Lord.

Amor. But give me up the Heav'n my ravenous Love requires : Let me fill my Sences with thy Sweetness ; then let 'em pour upon me, I could laugh at all their idle Tortures, every pleas'd Limb shou'd dance upon the Wheel.

Mar. Dance upon the Wheel ! that's a new thought, I am sure, my Lord.

L. *Whiff.* Your Tract is all new, and must be uncommon, because others can never find it.

Prais. A Pox on him ! he has out-done me agen.

Mar. I am your Lordship's very humble Servant : My Lord, How *Amorous* gazes on her !

L. *Whiff.* Piercing Eyes, I confess.

Prais. An irresistible Lere---- I got in a word.

Isab. Take off your Eyes ; mine shou'd be fix'd above ; but Love draws 'em downwards, and almost pulls my Heart along.

Amo. Give me your Heart ! your Arms ! Oh ! give me all ! see at your Feet the wretched *Amorous* falls ! Be not more cruel than our Foes. Behold me on the Torture ! *Faustin* cannot Punish me with half the Racks denying Beauty lays on longing Love.

Isab. I recover strength : rise, and begone ; Alas, thou canst not go ; then at awful distance, cold as Ice, not dare to let thy hot Breath agen offend my chaste Ears ! If thou hast, a Dagger rams thy Passion down thy Throat.

Mar. Won't this be a Surprize, my Lord, to see her have such an Icy Fit ?

L. *Whiff.* When I thought she was just going to melt.

Amor.

Amor. See, you are obey'd; shivering your er'e-while raging Lover stands; your Words and Looks, like Frost on Flowers, have nipt my Hopes and fierce Desires!

Mr. Prais. Alas, poor *Amorous*! (*A Noise without.*)

Mar. Do you hear, my Lord? do's not your Heart ache for the poor Lovers?

L. Whif. I am ready to swoon, Madam.

Mr. Prais. Wou'd I had some Cordial-water.

Mr. Awd. Art thou *Marsilia*? wilt thou confess it? so weak to believe these Coxcombs?

Mar. I always choose to believe what peases me best. If a School-Boy had been told so often of a Fault, as you have been, of Interruption, he had certainly left it. Make a Noise agen without.

Isab. Alas my fears return; what shall I do? I dare not dye.

Amor. Oh Let not Monstrous Fear deform the Beauties of thy Soul, but brave thy Fate.

Mar. Louder; but brave thy Fate; strain your Voice: I tell you, Mr. *Pinkethman*, this speaking Loud gets the Clap.

Amo. Pox of this Heroick; I shall tear my Lungs. (*Aside.*) But brave thy Fate.

Mar. Aye, that goes to ones very Heart.

Awd. And rends ones Head.

Isab. I cannot, I dare not; Oh, they come! where shall I hide me? (*Gets into the Chariot.*)

Amo. For Heav'n's sake, Madam, come from hence: This will expose us to all their scorn. (*goes in after.*)

Mar. Now, now, up with it. Here, my Lord, here's the wonder; this very Chariot *Whimsical* had been making fifty Years, contriv'd beyond all humane Art, for the Sun to draw up to the Moon; at this very Critical minute the Matter's affected. Is not your Lordship surpriz'd?

I

L. Whiff.

L. Whif. I know not where I am!

Prais. Oh! this is a plain case; so while the old Cuck-old was watching his Chariot, his Wife had Opportunity to make him one.

Mar. Right, right, Mr. *Praisall*: Now *Amorous* finds it move.

Amor. Ha! the Chariot moves; a Miracle is known in our Preservation.

Isab. Oh! I dye with fear!

Mar. Now she falls in a Swoon, and never wakes 'till they come into another world.

Mr. Prais. E gad, 'tis well, I am not in the Chariot with her.

Mar. You may open the Door, they are out of fight.

Enter Fastin, Lady Loveall and Betty.

Fast. VWhere is the Hellish Pair? Let my Eyes be fasten'd on 'em, that I may look 'em dead.

Mar. Look dreadfully, sweet Mr. *Powell*, look dreadfully.

Mr. And. Hark'e, Madam, only one thing; did you never hear an old Proverb; *He that has a House of Glass shou'd never throw Stones at his Neighbours*? I think this young Gentleman is guilty of much the same fault.

Mar. Lord! Lord! I told ye once before, he did not know his Father was marry'd to her, he took her for a pure Virgin. Come, Mr. *Powell*, go on.

Fast. Where are you hid? in what Lustful Corner?

L. Lev. Alas, I fear they have escap'd, and I have such a Detestation for ill Women, 'twould grieve me much to have 'em go unpunish'd.

Betty.

Betty. I am sure they took the Stairs that led this way, and must be here ; let me ferret 'em.

Mr. Prais. God-a-Mercy, *Betty* ! Let *Betty* alone.

Bett. A-dad I can't set Eyes on 'em high nor low.

Mr. Prais. No, they are too high for thee, indeed, little *Betty*.

Mar. Pray, *Mr. Praisall*, be quiet ; here's a great Scene a coming.

Mr. Prais. I am silent as the Grave.

Fast. In vain they think to 'scape my Rage, by thus evading it ; for if the Earth holds 'em, they shall be found.

Betty. VVhy, where's my old Master's Conjuring Chariot, I wonder, that he alway's told us wou'd carry him to Heaven, when we little thought on't ? It us'd to stand here.

L. Lov. It did so.

Betty. Perhaps they are gone to *Elyzium* in it.

L. Lov. No, Fool, *Elyzium* has no room for Lawless Lovers.

Betty. Then you must never come there, 'Im sure. (*aside.*

Mar. That's the first ill word *Betty* has given her Mistress ; and that was to her self too.

Fast. Let my Chariots be prepar'd, we'll leave this hated place, and in my Castle unlade our Cares. Love shall crown our Hours, and Wine and Musick rob 'em of 'em with delight.

L. Lov. VVhilst I weave flowry Chaplets for your Hair,
Revels and Masks to please your Sight prepare :
Feed on your Presence, on your absence grieve,
Love you alone, for you alone I'll live.

Mar. Now quick, quick, get behind her, Mr. least she shou'd resist ; the rest disarm *Mr. Powell*.

Enter Lord Whimsicall and others.

L. Whim. Not fit to live, nor dye ! but Death thou best deserv'st. *(stabs her.)*

L. Lov. Oh ! thou Impotence, only strong in mischief : That feeble aged Arm has reach'd my youthful Heart.

Fast. Slaves, unhand me ! Oh ! *Clemene*, Oh !

L. Lov. Let me come at the Dotard ; let me cover the Blood-thirsty Man with Livid Gore.

Mar. D'ye hear, Property-Man, be sure some red Ink is handsomely convey'd to Mrs. *Knight*.

Fast. Move, Dogs ; bear her to me, that I may press her close, and keep in Life.

Mar. Strive and struggle now, Mr. *Powell* ; Lord, you scarce stir ; hold me, hold me, some of you. Observe, that I may press her close, and keep in Life ; ye see my Breath's almost gone. Oh ! if we Poets did but act, as well as write, the Plays wou'd never miscarry.

Fast. VVhy, there's enow of you, both Males and Females ; entertain the Town when you will, I'll resign the Stage with all my Heart.

Mar. And by my hopes of *Cataline* I'll propose it. But now pray go on.

Fast. I say, lose your *Plebeian* Goals, and let me reach my Love.

Mar. VVell. that's your own ; but 'twill do. You may speak it, Mr. *Powel*.

L. Whim. VVhat, the Sorcerers ! thy Father's VVife, rash Boy !

Fast.

Fast. Ha, ha, ha, ha ! Your VVife: I have heard indeed of old Men that wanted Virgins, when vital warmth was gone.

L. Whim. To that Title do's *Clemene's* Impudence pretend. Speak, lewd Adultress.

La. Lov. Yes, I will speak, and own it all: VVhy should I mince the matter, now I've lost my hopes of him? For the old Skeleton, sign alone, and shadow of a Man, I might have yet been pure: But whilst gay Youths adorn'd thy Family, *Clemene* would not sigh in vain.

Fast. What's this I hear?

Bet. My Lady dying! I am not yet prepared to bear her Company: I'll e'en shift for one. I would not willingly leave this wicked World, before I have tasted a little more on't.

Mr. Prais. True, Mrs. *Betty*; slip behind me, and thou art gone.

Mar. See, my Lord, they are all struck in a Maze.

(*Exit.*)

L. Whiff. 'Tis very amazing!

L. Whim. Why, *Fastin*, stare you thus? Is her wickedness such News? Go, bear her off, and let her die alone.

La. Lov. Do, convey me hence; for not gaping Pipes of burning Sulphur, nor grinning hideous Fiends, can jerk my Soul like that old Husband. Fogh! how he stinks! Set him a fire with all his Chymistry about him, see how he'll blaze on his own Spirits.

Fast. Rage not; it wastes thy precious Life.

Mr. Awd. Then he loves her still.

Mar. Yes; what, you think him hot and cold in a quarter of an hour?

La. Lov. *Fastin*, farewell. Oh! thou only Youth, whom I can truly say I lov'd, for thee I'd run this mad Risque again; for thee I die. Away, away! and let me do the work

work of Children in the dark.

(Exit led off.

L. Whim. Where's my Chariot ? my Chariot of the Sun, Slaves ! who has remov'd it ? if it jogg'd but a Hair awry, may set me backwards ten tedious Years. But it is gone ! where can it be ?

(Runs up and down to look it.

Fast. Defeated Love ! approaching Shame ! Remorse and deathless Infamy ! they crowd one Breast too much : Here's to give 'em vent.

(Stabs himself.

L. Whim. Oh ! 'tis gone ! 'tis gone ! my Chariot ! Oh, my Chariot !

Fast. See, *Clemene*, see, thy Adorer comes ! guiltily fond, and pressing after thee.

(Dies.

L. Whim. Have you all lookt below ? is there no news of this inestimable Chariot ?

Serv. No, my Lord ; and here your Son is dead.

L. Whim. Why dost thou tell me of my Son, the blind work of Chance, the sport of Darknes, which produc'd a Monster ? I've lost an Engine, the labour'd care of half a hundred Years. It is gone ! I shall go mad.

Mar. Good Mr. What-d'-call-'um, this last Speech to the highest pitch of raving.

L. Whim. Ha ! the Sun has got it ; I see the glorious Tract : But I will mount and yet recover it : The covetous Planet shall not dare to keep it for the use of his Paramour. Bear me, ye Winds, upon your blustering Wings ; for I am light as Air, and mad as rowling Tempests.

(Exit

Mar. Is not this passion well exprest ?

Mr. Amd. 'Tis indeed all mad Stuff.

Mar. your word neither mends nor mars it, that's one Comfort. Mr. *Powell*, will you walk off, or be carry'd off ?

Mr. Pow. I'll make use of my Legs, if you please, Madam. Your most humble Servant.

Mar.

W. G. H. C. L. P. J.

Mar. *Mr. Powell*, yours ; 'I give you ten thousand thanks for your trouble. I hope, *Mr. Powell*, you are convinc'd this Play won't fail.

Mr. Pow. O Lord ! Madam, impossible ! *(Exit.)*

Mar. VVell, sure by this Play, the Town will perceive what a woman can do. I must own, my Lord, it stomachs me sometimes, to hear young Fops cry, there's nothing like *Mr. Such-a-one's* Plays, and *Mr. Such-a-ones* Plays.

L. Whiff. But, Madam, I fear our excellent Entertainment's over ; I think all your Actors are kill'd.

Mar. True, my Lord, they are most of 'em dispatch'd. But now, my Lord, comes one of my Surprizes ; I make an end of my Play in the VVorld in the Moon.

L. Whiff. In the VVorld in the Moon !

Mr. Praif. Prodigious !

Mar. Scene-Men: Where the Devil are these Blockheads ?
Scene-Men.

Within.) Here, here.

Mar. Come, one of your finest Scenes, and the very best that ye know must be, when the Emperour and Empress appear.

Scene-Men. How d'ye like this Madam ?

Mar. Aye, aye, that will do.

L. Whim. 'Tis every thing the Stage, can afford in perfection.

Mr. Praif. And which no Stage in the VVorld can equal.

Mar. Oh, fie ! *Mr. Praifall*, you go often to *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*.

Mr. Praif. I have said it, let t'other House take it how they will.

L. Whif. What, are these Men, or Monsters ?

Mar. My Lord, this is very true, I'll believe the Historian, for he was there, my Lord. The World in the Moon is as fine a place as this represents ; but the Inhabitants are a little shallow

Shallow, and go, as you see, upon all four ; now I design *Amorous* and *Isabella* shall bring in such a Reformation ; then all the Hero's of the Moon-world shall fall in love with *Isabella*, as, you know, in *Aurenzebe* they are all in love with *Indamora* : Oh ! that's a sweet, a pretty Name ; but a Duce on't, my Brother Bay's has scarce left a pretty Name for his Successors ?

Mr. *Prais*. Dear Madam, are these crawling things to speak, or no ?

Mar. Patience is a great Vertue, Mr. *Praisfall*.

Mr. *And*. And your Spectators must exercise it, o'my Conscience.

Mar. Pray now, my Lord, be pleas'd to suppose this is the Emperor's VWedding-day. Musick and the Dance.

Dance upon all Four.

S O N G.

What's the whispering for ?

One of the Men.) Why, Madam, to tell you the truth, in short, we are not able to continue in this Posture any longer, without we break our Backs ; so we have unanimously resolv'd to stand upright.

(All the Men and Women stand up, when they're come forward.

Mr. *Prais*. Hey ! heres another Surprise !

Mar. Oh ! the Devil ; you have spoilt my Plot ! you have ruin'd my play, ye Blockheads ! ye Villains, I'll kill you all,
burn

burn the Book, and hang my self! (*Throws down the Book.
and stamps upon it.*)

L. Whiff. Taking up the Book.) Hold, Madam! Don't let Passion provoke you, like the Knight of old, to destroy what After-ages cannot equal.

Mar. Why, my Lord *Amorous*, and *Isabella* was to come in, and their wou'd have been such a Scene! Affes! Ideots! Jolts! But they shall never speak a Line of mine, if it wou'd save 'em from in evitable ruine; I'll carry it tot'other House this very Moment.

Mr. Awd. Won't ye go home to Dinner first?

Mar. Dinner be damn'd! I'll never eat more. See too! if any of their impudent People come to beg my Pardon! or appease me! Well, I will go, that's resolv'd.

Mr. Praif. Madam, consider; cou'd they not stoop agen, when *Isabella's* come in; I'll try how 'tis. (*stoops*
Oun's 'tis Devillish painful.

Mar. Don't tell me, 'tis painful; if they'll do nothing for their Livings, let 'em starve and be hang'd. My Chair there.

L. Whiff. Madam, my Coach is at your Service, it waits without.

Mar. To be seen in my Lord's Coach is some Consolation
(*aside*
My Lord, I desire to go directly into *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*.

L. Whiff. Where you please, Madam.

Mar. I'll never set my Foot agen upon this confounded Stage. My Opera shall be first, and my *Catiline* next; which I'd have these to know, shall absolutely break 'em. They may shut up their Doors; strole or starve, or do what ever the Devil puts in their heads; no more of *Marsilius* Works, I assure 'em. Come, my Lord.

Mr. Awd. You won't go, Madam?

Mar. By my Soul, I will ; your damn'd ill Humour began my Misfortunes. Farewel, *Momus* ; farewel, Ideots : Hoarse be your Voices, rotten your Lungs, want of Wit and Humour continue upon your damn'd Poets, and Poverty consume you all. *(Exit.*

Prais. What, ner'e a word to me ! or did she put me among the Ideots ? Sir, the Lady's gone.

And. And you may go after ; there's something to help you forward. *(kicks him.*

Prais. I intend, Sir, I intend it. *(Exit.*

Enter Mr. Powell, Mrs. Knight, Mrs. Cross, &c.
Laughing

And. So, what's the news now ?

Mr. Pow. Oh, my Sides ! my Sides ! the wrathful Lady has run over a Chair, shatter'd the Glasses to pieces : The Chair-Men, to save it, fell pell-mell in with her. She has lost part of her Tail, broke her Fan, tore her Ruffles, and pull'd off half my Lord *Whiffle's* Wigg, with trying to rise by it : So they are, with a Shagreen Air, and tatter'd Drefs, gone into the Coach : Mr. *Praisall* thrust in after'em, with the bundle of Fragments, his Care had pick'd up from under the Fellows Feet. Come, to make some Atonement, Enter-tain this Gentleman with the Dance you are practising for the next new Play.

A D A N C E.

Mr. *And.* Mr. *Powell*, if you'll do me the favour to dine with me, I'll prevent the Dinner I bespoke going to *Marfilla's* Lodgings, and we'll eat it here.

Mr. *Pow.* VVith all my heart : I am at your Service.

And. Thus warn'd,

*I'll leave the Scribler to her Fops, and Fate ;
I find she's neither worth my Love or Hate.*

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